

CALLING ALL GIRLS

Tops with Teens!

JANUARY 15¢



THE NEW YOU issue
fashions
good looks
stories mc

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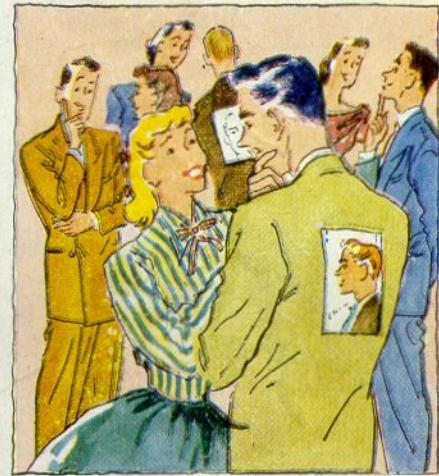
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ROPE RAILINGS turn your front steps into a gang plank when the crowd boards ship for an evening of dancing. More shipboard atmosphere—hang cardboard life preservers on the bulkheads (walls, to landlubbers!).

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Swift's Premium tender Franks

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CALLING ALL GIRLS

Tops with Teens!

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wear it criss-crossed for your
jewelry! Going to classes,
tab buttoned with your own scarf
slipped thru! You'll love it
doubly for its push-up sleeves,
its wide golden buckled
belt... making
your middle so little above
the fullness
of unpressed pleats.
Side zipped for a
smooth line! In a clever
rayon that doubles for wool!
WINTER-WHITE boxed with
BLACK and GREEN;
GOLD and BROWN;
RED and BLUE

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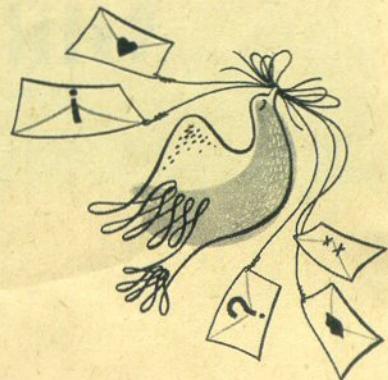
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FROM *you*



TO *us*

This is your CALLING ALL GIRLS, so let us know what you like or dislike and what you would like to see in future issues. We'll print as many of your letters as there's space for. Address From You to Us Editor, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 260 Fourth Ave., New York 10, New York.

LET'S FACE IT

In one of the recent copies of Calling All Girls I noticed a question from one of your readers that struck home. This young lady stated that her parents are foreign-born and do not speak the American language well. She wanted to know if she should invite her friends to her home.

We have a young neighbor who has the same problem and I'm sorry to say that she has the same underlying trouble. She is somewhat ashamed of her parents because they do not measure up to her idealistic standards. This girl's parents are very capable and intelligent people, kindly and extremely hospitable. We like them and while we sometimes laugh at their way of saying things, it is done kindly and we hold them no less American than we who can count many generations back to our foreign ancestry.

I am a little disappointed in this girl for this. She has an unusually high scholastic standing and shows great intelligence. But she rates low here. People will hold her in the same respect she holds herself and her feeling about this matter, in a 'round-about-way, influences the thoughts of all her associates. She should be proud to have as parents two loving people who are sober and industrious and who welcome wholeheartedly any and all of her friends. My advice to her is *do* invite your friends and while they are there *do not* act (much less be) ashamed of that small trouble, their language. Translate if need be and hold your head high and be kindly and understanding. Seeing you in this connection will establish you firmly in the hearts of the best—the others you aren't interested in.

*A mother and an admiring neighbor
of the other mother.*

TO DO OR NOT TO DO

In your "Let's Talk It Over" column, maybe Ann Yourman knows a different type of boy than we have in our town so that she thinks parking is all right but here, when the boys want to park, it always means necking sessions. I don't approve of parking myself and neither does my mother, but trying to find excuses for not doing so does make it embarrassing sometimes. It's hard to get out of parking without seeming like a prude. It's pretty upsetting to your social life too. What I'd like to know is how *not* to park and still keep your friends. After all, no one likes to be *date-less* just because she doesn't like to neck. I wish you could help me with this because I know a lot of girls who feel the same way but don't know how to deal with it.

S. Z., San Jose, Calif.

To S. Z. and many others who have written us pro and con on the subject of parking—We are planning an article by Elizabeth Woodward, a well-known teen-age authority, on these "wolves on wheels" in our February issue.

ENGLISH ACCENT

I was delighted to see the article, "Love That English Accent." It was very good and I wish more could appear. It's a good way of getting people of the two countries to understand each other. Here at school (Cheltenham Ladies' College—don't let the Ladies' mislead you, it is only from the time it was founded and then girls were *ladies*) we all love C. A. G.

D. S., Cheltenham, Gloucester, England

As an English teen-ager I was very interested in your article "Love That English Accent" which gave quite an accurate description of us, except for one thing—I have never heard anyone in England say that something was "colossally marvelous."

S. T., Nottingham, England

Your article on "That English Accent" made me awfully bucked and really it was quite a fair picture, though you did make us seem a bit dull and you forgot the football! We do have a lot of fun though it isn't quite as hectic as jitterbugging.

P. P., Cardiff, England

Dear Editor:

My daughter Marilyn, who disappeared last January, was an avid reader of *Calling All Girls*. Would you kindly insert this message to her in your letter column as I know that, wherever she is, she is still reading your magazine and will see it.

Dear Marilyn,

We are very lonesome for you and love you very much. Please let us hear from you.

Mom, Dad, and Sidney

Thanking you kindly for your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. C. R. G.

You'll never forget!

Your FIRST Manicure!

You tried to look unconcerned the first time you had your nails done at the beauty shop! But that nose-in-the-air expression didn't fool a soul!



Your FIRST Prom!

High school or prep, Michigan or Yale, your first prom was an exciting chapter in your life. Somebody was interested—the reason was you. You never forgot your first prom!

Your FIRST Cake of CAMAY!



Here's another wonderful "first"! Your *first* cake of Camay can help you to have a softer, clearer skin! Do as the lovely Camay brides do. Give up careless cleansing. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. The wrapper tells how...to be lovelier!



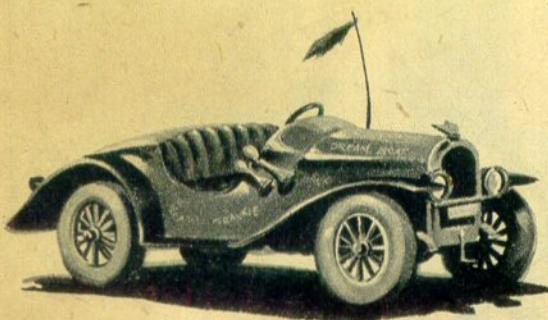
MRS. WILLIAM A. TRISCHETT

of Hanover, N. H., a recent Camay bride, says:

"My very *first* cake of Camay brought new skin beauty to light."

Camay THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

All that Barry had to beat out his rival was an asthmatic old jalopy. Then—at the crucial moment—he didn't even have that



THE NIGHT, THE GIRL, AND THE JALOPY

by MARYLAND NEWCOMB

Barry Whitney's mother was in the kitchen getting dinner the night he brought his "dreamboat" home. As it roared, sputtered, and thumped up the long driveway, Barry, at the helm, had a dim, futile hope that she might not hear him. He knew that she would not be pleased, even though he had told her about the car. Even though she had known full well that Barry's wealth had for the first time in all his sixteen years stretched beyond one figure and built up to ten dollars, and with that fabulous sum he had bought the Buick, vintage 1924.

Hurtling to a stop in front of the garage, Barry saw that his small hope had indeed been vain. His mother had heard and was picking her way across the backyard by the beam from a flashlight.

"This is it!" Barry howled at her across the hood, which came almost to his shoulders. Dismally he waited for her verdict and, for a moment, tried to unwrap the car from his streamlined dream and see it through his mother's eyes. As she explored it with a point of light, Barry saw four mammoth wheels, a hood and a platform of bare boards where the body should have been. That's all there was, except the steering wheel, and as Barry rubbed the part of him that should have sat in the driver's seat, if there had been a driver's seat, it occurred to him that he had become somewhat calloused by those same bare boards.

But almost immediately, with the versatility of youthful optimism, Barry clothed the car in his fancy with a radio, heater, and a sleek red body that closely resembled that of a Lincoln Zephyr.

"Turn it off, Barry," his mother screamed across the shuddering motor. "It's going to blow up!"

"That's just the head," Barry yelled back. "It's cracked. But it's all right." He reached into the darkness beneath the steering wheel and the motor coughed itself to death. In the silence that followed, Barry said, "How do you like her, Mom?"

"Mmmm," Mrs. Whitney said noncommittally, and *(Continued on page 56)*



*With Hank snuggled beside him
on the seat, Barry couldn't
remember a happier hour in his life*

YOUTH SPEAKS OUT ON

PREJUDICE



EDISON UNO

KATHLEEN BADGER

LOIS HOFFMAN

PIERRE PELLISIER

HELEN REED

The Role of the School

I don't think we have any prejudice in my school. We have Japanese, Mexicans, and Negroes. We like each other. A Filipino boy was just elected Yell King over a bunch of white candidates.

Lois Hoffman

In my school there's been some prejudice among the girls. Some colored girls went out for the team and passed all the tests but were told they didn't qualify anyway. That's not true of the boys.

Wesley Owens

Scholarships and athletic positions are open to any race. If you have the incentive to work and you are good enough, you can do it. But if you are the timid kind and think that just because you are Jewish or Negro you have two strikes against you, you may as well quit now. That's not the right attitude. In a democracy you have to fight, and I think that even a minority group can get somewhere if it has that incentive.

Edison Uno

I think it's important to discourage sororities. We don't allow them in California, but girls from the East tell me about them and it sounds as though they encourage discrimination.

Elaine Davis

The Role of the Church

In the churches just as in the family we can learn to work with other people and not have particular prejudices impressed on us when we do get out with other people.

Dick Taylor

It seems to me and to most people I have discussed it with that the reason for prejudice is that people just don't understand one another; they go around saying they don't like this particular religion and then when you ask them what that religion stands for, they haven't the slightest idea. I think the best thing to do is to get people to become—well, not tolerant—tolerant means that you just stand someone, but to make them feel towards other people as human beings. The churches could do a great part in that by not teaching just their own religion.

Barbara Green

The Role of the Home

What *you* see and what *you* think you see are the two most important things to you and you have to stick by them—even if your parents don't always agree. You don't have to quarrel with your parents but you don't necessarily have to give up your belief either.

Helen Reed

Parents as well as schools sometimes teach prejudices and it's hard for a child to stand up to parents. A child shouldn't be rude but should say, "Sorry, I disagree."

Joan Lee Pomeroy

The home is the basic thing in a democracy because from the home you go into the larger society of the church and the nation. If we can incorporate the idea of democracy in the home with the idea of one world, I think we can have a pretty good world.

Kathleen Badger



KATHLEEN HARNETT

RICHARD TAYLOR

ELAINE DAVIS

JOAN LEE POMEROY

WESLEY OWENS

BARBARA GREEN

The Role of the Community

If I worked in a business that wouldn't employ Negroes, I'd try to get out of it, or I'd stay and show I'd be glad to have it changed. Groups like ours (YWCA) could find out about firms that won't hire people for reasons of race or creed.

Helen Reed

You don't convince the boss by quitting. Unless a lot of people start out with the idea that everyone's equal, it won't work.

Pierre Pellissier

In our own state of California, a disabled veteran with one leg amputated tried to buy a lot and build a home for his wife and two children. The real estate company said Sorry we can't give it to you. You have the money but we can't give it to you. The veteran asked why. He was told there has been a restriction for the last twenty years that didn't allow him there. It seems that after all the things we went through we are going back to all the things that Hitler tried to do.

Edison Uno

The Role of the Nation

The United States probably has one of the worst racial situations in the world and one of the most publicized. As far as promoting relationships with the world as a nation, America in the last twenty years has not done what she had said she would, people on the other side feel. I feel perhaps it is largely a matter of communication. They have no way of knowing anything else.

Dick Taylor

We talk about what we're going to do, we talk about what we should have done, we talk about what would be good to do. But we don't do it! We've got to!

Barbara Green

Our constitution grants freedom and equality. But you will still find prejudice in the South and different parts of the country. As a good example, take the potential 49th state, Hawaii. It is a vast melting pot, with a racial harmony that does not exist anywhere in the United States. If we could accomplish that, our democracy would really have something to brag about.

Edison Uno

SEVEN DAYS TO BEAUTY

If you're starting the year with a stack of resolutions, we nominate our "Seven Days To Beauty" plan as the wonderful beginning to a new year and a New You. This beauty calendar prepared exclusively for Calling All Girls by Ann Delafield of the DuBarry Success Course is so charted that in seven short days you can be on the way to a smoother figure, a lovelier complexion and a healthier you. Cut out this schedule, and paste it on your mirror. You'll soon find you've included this beauty program in your daily grooming.

Today the beauty spotlight rests on skin care. And what is more essential to beauty than a flawless complexion? Skin reacts quickly to inside and outside cleanliness. Careful daily care, proper diet, adequate rest and thorough elimination can mean a downy-like complexion. Problem skins: Too oily, too dry, countless bumps and blemishes, signify more serious trouble and take longer to normalize. See Page 12 for your daily skin care program. Have you eaten all your beauty building foods today and done your exercises? General skin care rules: Never pop into bed with a dirty face. Be sure you have a bowel movement daily. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices.

* Refer to May Good Looks for detailed skin care article.

THURSDAY



MONDAY

Chart your week's course today. Take your weight and measurements: bust, waistline, upper and lower hip, thigh, calf and ankle, for an accurate record of your results. Perfect measurements should be: waistline about ten inches less than bust and hips. List your food consumption for the past two days and compare it with the Beauty-Building Foods on Page 12. Rate your choice of diet accordingly. Scrutinize your skin, without make-up, in strong daylight. If it's too dry, oily or sprouting blemishes, it needs immediate help. Examine your scalp and hair condition. Are your ends split, scalp flaky or over oily? If you find that your figure and skin need immediate care, start the Tuesday and Thursday programs right away. Otherwise follow the plan day-by-day as suggested. Allow three-quarters of an hour a day for the entire project.



FRIDAY

Do you take time out before bed each night to give your scalp its daily dozen? Before you begin hair care, cleanse your face and follow your skin care routine. Do your exercises. Then take your stiffest hairbrush and lie on your bed, head dangling over the side. This head down position stimulates circulation, loosens scaly surfaces and encourages fresh reserves of blood to nourish your thousands of hair follicles. Working round your head in sections, take strands of hair and brush with a deep, slow, circular movement up and out from the scalp. Does your scalp feel warm and tingly? Good. Now cleanse your brush with a tissue and assemble your hobby pins, hairpins, clips, curlers, for putting your hair up. General tips: shampoo and set your hair weekly, keep combs and brushes sparkling clean, and brush scalp and hair daily.



You may be an outdoor girl but are you getting the *proper* type of exercise? Spot exercises designed to perfect your posture and maintain a perfect-plus figure are teen-age beauty builders. Practice in a well-ventilated room, in comfy clothes, about fifteen minutes a day. Start on the exercise below and add a new one on Page 12 each day. In a few days, you'll be exercising to your jiviest record and loving it! Here's today's. Sit on the floor, arms and legs straight in front of you. Lean forward on your hips, tummy in, chest up. Roll back on your right shoulder, raising both legs in the air. (Be sure to roll on fatty part of hip between back bone and hip bone.) Come back to position and repeat to left. Do twenty times. Additional exercises on next page.

TUESDAY



SATURDAY

Soft, smooth hands, lacquered or not, depending on your taste, can be your best asset.

Here's a deluxe manicure routine: take off chipped polish with remover. Shape your nails to a becoming oval with an emery board (no points, please). Cuticles should be pushed back gently with a cotton covered orange-wood stick saturated in cuticle remover. Scrub your hands and nails with a brush, dry and apply a protective film of hand cream or lotion.

Use a base coat before polish application to prevent chipping. Then on to polish—a light first coat and a heavier second coat. Clean up excess before you apply clear top coat. Follow similar routine for pedicure, placing cotton between toes to prevent smearing.

WEDNESDAY



No matter how much you "gild the lily" with make-up and pretty clothes, beauty begins from within with healthy, sensible food. The *right* food gives your hair that lustrous sheen, keeps complexions satin-smooth and helps build strong teeth and legs. For a list of foods your daily diet should include, see Page 12. Suggestions to overweights: Avoid gooey desserts, gravies, sauces, too fatty or starchy foods. Substitute fresh or stewed fruits for dessert; fruit juices for sodas and sundaes. Suggestions to underweights: Ten hours sleep nightly, include extra milk, cream and butter in your diet. Plan extra snacks between meals and before bed. Exercise before meals, rest after them. Eat nourishing foods often instead of large quantities at one time.

Sunday at last! And you should be well on the way to a New You! Check through your entire schedule today. Compare your weight and measurements with Monday's. Many of you may not have been able to reach perfection in a short week but you should have a well established routine to follow for the future. After you've finished with the tape measure, run through your skin care routine and exercises and then on to a luxurious bath. A few minutes of relaxation and scrubbing and you're ready to step into a cool, exhilarating shower. Dry your body thoroughly with a husky turkish towel, apply a fluff of bath powder, your deodorant and slip into your fresh undies. See Page 12 for Make-up Routine. Today should find your posture and skin greatly

SUNDAY

improved, your hair brilliantly polished and your hands soft, smooth and nicely manicured. Your make-up should be typically New Look—fragile, soft and feminine. Spend the day having fun confident that you look as wonderful as you feel—the perfect example of the New You. MORE ➤

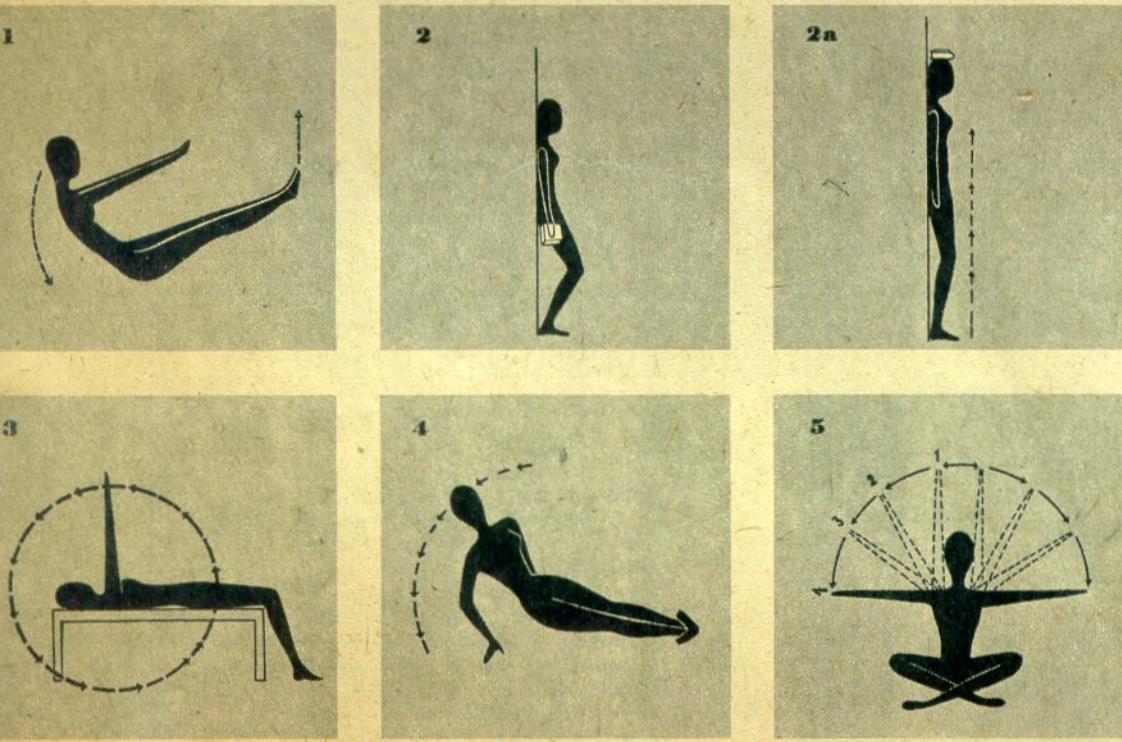


SEVEN DAYS TO BEAUTY

Continued

● **Daily Foods for Health and Beauty:** Two yellow vegetables; two green vegetables; one egg; one portion of meat, fish or fowl; one potato (cooked in skin and eaten); two 8-oz. glasses of milk; one 8-oz. glass of fruit juice; two pieces of raw fruit; two pieces of 100% whole wheat bread; three pats of butter or margarine; one raw vegetable salad bowl.

● **Daily Skin Care Program:** Scrub your face several times a day with a mild soap, clean washcloth or complexion brush until it is fresh and glowing. For blemishes or blackheads use a special cleansing preparation mixed with water to form a paste. Apply it all over your face, concentrating on the middle panel of nose, chin and forehead. Allow the cleanser to dry and then scrub it off with a washcloth. (Sensitive, thin skins should use this treatment two or three times weekly.) To dry up any blemishes, put your face to bed under a soothing cover of calomine lotion. ● **Make-up Routine:** Use a make-up base of cream, cake or lotion to protect your skin from wintry winds and give you a fresh dewy look for hours. Smooth it over your face and neck and blend with the fingertips. If you lack that rosy glow, add a bit of cream rouge to your cheeks. Smile as you apply it, blending it up and out. Press on powder with a clean piece of cotton or fresh puff. Brush off the excess with fresh cotton. Now learn to apply your lipstick with a brush. Draw your natural outline with the tip of the brush, using your chin as a rest for your last two fingers. Fill in with the brush or your lipstick. Better not try to improve on nature and get a smeared look by building up your mouth. Blot your lipstick to set it properly.



DANNHEISER

EXERCISES

1 **Rocking Chair Illustration:** See Tuesday.

2 **Balance a Book for Beauty:** Find a fairly heavy book and a smooth wall surface. Flatten your spine against it. Hold book in right hand, place heels against the wall, four inches apart. Bend your knees, turning them out. Pull the end of the spine away from the wall as you dig your waistline into it. Slowly, slowly, slide up the wall until your legs are almost straight. Lift your chest up; push chin in, move your head two inches away from the wall and place the book on your head. Feel the pull? Repeat 10 times.

3 **Dry Swimming—firms and develops bosom:** Lie on your back on a piano bench or two chairs, feet flat on floor, hands at your sides. Raise arms up, slowly, to simulate overhand backstroke. Arms come up, over head, back and down. Repeat complete movement 10 times.

4 **Sea-going Roll—slims waistline, thighs and buttocks:** Sit on the floor, legs straight and together. Roll on the floor to the right, balancing weight with right arm, bent elbow. Roll to the left. Alternate 25 times.

5 **The Balinese Stretch—firms tummy, bosom and waistline:** Sit cross-legged on floor with backbone flat against edge of open door. Press buttocks tightly to door. Dig your waistline against the door surface, pulling tummy in. Lift your chest keeping waistline digging against door. Push chin in. Raise arms straight above your head. Push arms, thumbs pointing upward, back as far as possible. Slide arms to the side, repeating pushing movement four times. Change position four times. Repeat exercise 10 times in all.

YOU LOOK SO 1948 !

"Short-look" hair-do -----

Gibson collar and tie -----

Stick-pins -----

Gibson sleeves -----

Whittled waist -----

Rounded hips -----

Longer skirt -----

Darker nylons -----

Closed-up shoes—higher heel -----

It's bound to be your Happy New Year when you look like this. You've either cut your hair short, or you do it up in sleek "short cut" effect. You wear trim dresses in the figure-conscious Gibson tradition. Smart jewelry, such as stickpins, personalizes your costume. Your skirt is 14 inches from the ground; your Nylons are darkish; your shoes have toes and heels. It's the New Look; it's the NEW YOU! Two-piece Dress by Teen House of spun rayon. About \$13 at Schuster's, Milwaukee; Gimbels, Pittsburgh; Bloomingdale's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; and Meier & Frank, Portland. Stickpins by Accessocraft. Seamless Nylons by Hanes. Shoes, \$6.95, from Kays-Newport, Providence.

Make like a butterfly and break out of your winter cocoon right now with a springlike pastel suit. You'll wear it under your dark winter coat now; you'll lead the Easter parade in it later. You'll be first in your crowd to try your wings for spring!

This page, top—Pencil stripe pastel wool crepe for a Whirlaway suit with notched lapels on which to wear your heraldic stickpins by Benedikt. A Young City Original in pink with gray stripes or gold with gray stripes, under \$35 at Brown Thomson, Hartford, and The Emporium, St. Paul. Cloche by Madcaps. Center—Another new suit silhouette—short boxy jacket, pencil slim skirt. In pastel wool covert by Barbara, under \$35 at Denver Dry Goods, Denver, and The Hecht Co., Washington. Clip a boutonniere by Flower Modes to your Peter Pan collar. Crocheted cloche by Madcaps. Below—As practical as they are pastel-pretty—flared jacket and flared skirt of Kohinoor, a washable, sanforized Avisco rayon fabric by Lesem Bach. Skirt about \$8, jacket about \$15. By Touraine. At May Company, Los Angeles; Burdine's, Miami; and Joske's, San Antonio.

BLOSSOM OUT IN A PASTEL SUIT

Opposite page—The Whirlaway suit—destined to be THE big spring fashion. In aqua or dusty rose worsted crepe with waist-whittling, hip-rounding jacket and longer ballerina skirt. Back or front, it's the prettiest suit of the season! By Brae-Teen, in sizes 10 to 16, about \$35 at Filene's, Boston; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Franklin Simon's, New York; Kaufman's, Pittsburgh; and Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. With it, your made-to-match felt hat by Betmar with upturned brim faced in black velvet to tie-up with your black shoes and darker nylons.

Pastel suits at many other stores on page 67, or write for where-to-buy information.

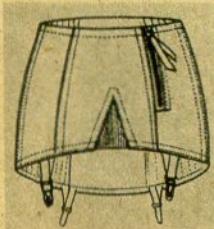


PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARD



you're
not
hard
to
fit

If you're so round, so firm and slightly over weight, you'll look trimmer and slimmer in a girdle, especially designed to whittle waistlines, smooth tummies and hips. J. J. Teen Type by Leading Foundations, about \$5 at Franklin Simon's, New York



DANNHEISER



Left, Peter Pan striped cotton, combined with white in two-piece effect.

Right, Minimizing stripes with tucked bosom.

Chubbette dresses sizes 10½ to 16½, about \$9 at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; B. Altman, New York; Thalhimer's, Richmond; Jordan Marsh, Boston. They're also available at many stores listed on page 67.

Nobody but you will know that these smooth Gibson

Girl cottons are especially sized. They have none of that dowdy "Chubby" look about

them—and neither will you, when you wear them.

Hold that line!

by MARTHA ROSS

Rate an Oscar from your audience with smooth dialogue.

"Murder!" "You ain't kiddin!" and a lot of ya-ta-ta ya-ta-ta makes your sound track as corny as a B movie's

A lot of people would make excellent still lifes. You know—they're fine to look at. They have good taste in color and a neat design. Or these people might even make excellent silent movies; they may have grace, too. But that's as far as they go. When the sound is dubbed in, the picture is ruined.

The sound effect—that is, the way a person speaks—is just a habit, and like any other habit, it can be good or bad. The main difficulty is that when the speaking habits are good, they are not noticed too much in themselves. You are just aware that what a well-spoken person says is pleasant, and that her words and diction complement the picture she makes. But when the habits are bad, they really gum up the picture because they distract you from all the attractive effects the silent version of the person might make.

For instance, take the case of Susan B. Susan is cute, gay, and popular. In fact, many of her girl friends secretly envy her the rush and succession of dates she enjoys. However, they don't know the inside story. The boys like to take Susan out once in a while, but for their deeper interests they turn to someone else. They like her gay line of chatter for a dance or a party, but they recognize it for a *line*, and look for a girl with a little more sincerity in her words for a steady diet. A line along the you-great-big-wonderful-man theme makes a fellow feel pretty good for a while and he likes to listen to it, just to give his ego a boost. But when he realizes it's being tried on him tonight and another guy another night—well, a line is standard equipment for catching a fish and what boy wants to be an easy mark?

Susan could solve her dilemma easily enough. She could try putting her vivacity into attentiveness rather than talkativeness. She should try to break herself of

the habit of pat patter. She should wait and follow conversational leads that her dates might give her rather than rush in and offer the goo.

Of course, not all dates are generous with leads, but a clever girl can draw a date out. Drawing a person out is a "line" in its own way, but one in much better taste than a set speech that is delivered as though it were being read from a script. If you're trying to show a person that you like him, you can't do it with rehearsed chatter. He'll feel the lack of spontaneity and sincerity and be offended by it, especially when and if he compares notes with other boys who've listened in on the same compliments. Susan would get along fine in the conversational world if she'd learn to *hold that line!*

A line is a subtle sort of bad habit. Some bad habits are more obvious. Look at Helen F. Helen is also an awfully cute kid. She doesn't have a line. She is sincerity itself in her speech. In fact she tries so hard to impress people that she means just what she says, that she has fallen into some talking tricks that make her friends want to gag her. Practically every sentence Helen utters begins with "I mean," and not a few of them end with "see?" To quote a few seconds of Helen, "I mean, it's an awfully good movie and this Geoffrey Scott is the lead, see? And he plays a detective, see? I mean, he's the one Donald Lund is after, see?" and on *ad infinitum*, see?

There's really nothing wrong with what Helen says except that people would probably know she "meant" what she told them and "see" the point quite as well without the constant reminders. The habit of constantly repeating certain words or phrases can be most irritating. "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose," said Gertrude Stein in the course of making a point, (*Continued on page 68*)



*Rafael spun Rhina Maria to Ricardo. There
were gasps of surprise—and then applause.*

SERENADE FOR A SENORITA

*Rhina Maria's heart was aglow with thoughts of
her début. But there was a small fear, too,
that she'd done the one thing that would ruin it*

by SANDER ARIZA

Rhina Maria's heart was a hummingbird. It sang when she sang. It did not cease singing when she had no songs left, but continued its melody in her breast —more musical with every fresh beauty of the day. And what day could be more important in any life than this day which had at last come to Rhina Maria? It was the day between childhood and womanhood. Today she was a child, tomorrow she would be a woman.

Rhina Maria, doubtless because of the day, was the most beautiful young woman in Puerta Plata, perhaps even in all the Dominican Republic. Her hair was black and long and plentiful, mantling her shapely brown shoulders. Her face was a smooth oval untouched by rouge or lipstick or eyebrow pencil. There were small roses in her cheeks which no human fingers had placed there. Rhina Maria had black eyes, white teeth which were seen often in her ready smiles, and the nicest kind of nose. Her feet were dancer's feet, light as feathers; Rhina Maria herself was straight and true as an arrow. She was a young, vibrant *Dominicana*.

The telephone rang. Her heart sang again. The telephone had been ringing all day. Young men of Puerta Plata were telephoning for dances at her début, her coming-out party. Even when her card was full, she hoped, she knew, that they would continue calling. They were gentlemen, she was a lady.

"Hello!" said Rhina Maria, unable to keep out of her voice the music that was in her heart.

"Hello, Rhina Maria," said the voice of Rafael Duarte.

After today she would not be Rhina Maria to him or to any young man. She would be *Senorita Mendez* who had left childhood forever behind her.

"Yes, Rafael?" she said.

"The dances, Rhina Maria," he said. "Have they all been taken? Have you saved nothing for an old friend of the family?"

"I am not sure there are any left, Rafael," she replied. "In truth there are not many, anyway."

"May I have the second waltz? I already know that José Bencosme has the first."

"I am sorry, it has been taken."

"The first *dansa* then? The second *dansa*?"

"Both taken, my friend Rafael. I am desolated." It was scarcely true that she was desolated, for to have all the dances taken proved her popularity.

"The first *danson* then? The second?"

"The second *danson*, Rafael? Yes; I believe that one is open. You shall have it, Rafael."

"Thank you, Rhina Maria," said Rafael. "I shall be the first tomorrow night to set my name down in your program. The second *danson*. Goodbye!"

"Who was it, Rhina Maria?" called her mother, Donna Maria, from the cool shadows of the veranda.

"Rafael Duarte, Little Mama, to ask me for all the dances, until we settled on the second *danson*."

"You have not given two (Continued on page 62)

Midwest, big-big, and vigorous is Wisconsin's State "U" at Madison. Its large and lovely campus—on the hill, but with a 13,000 foot shore line on Lake Mendota—swarms with students, over 18,000 of them, three men to a girl. Founded in 1838, it has plenty of history and tradition, but "On, Wisconsin!" is its spirit.

Dr. Edwin B. Fred is its president. A state university, Wisconsin's tuition is lower than private colleges, its advantages many, its waiting lists long.



Smiles are a regular thing in Economics I, because Prof. "Wild Bill" Kieckhofer, long time on campus and a top favorite with the students, seasons the subject with plenty of humor. His lectures usually end with cheers for the prof.



1 Off comes the lipstick, struggle as one may, for it's "W" Day, when husky lettermen, armed with towels, clean up on coeds. Other big Badger events: Homecoming—the Winter Carnival—and Workday, when "blue-jeans" turn out to spring-clean the campus.

2 Courtcraft rates high at Wisconsin, where tennis, riding, and swimming are fair-weather favorites. Old King Winter finds coeds hiking with the Hoofers, or prepping for the Winter Carnival, a gala week of Ice Follies, Snow Ball, and open-fire fun.

3 If you haven't dallied at The Farm, you don't know what cooks on campus. It's the popular pharmacy at State and Lake, hangout for soft-drink devotees. Other spots dear to Badger hearts are Picnic Point on Lake Mendota and famous Observatory Hill.

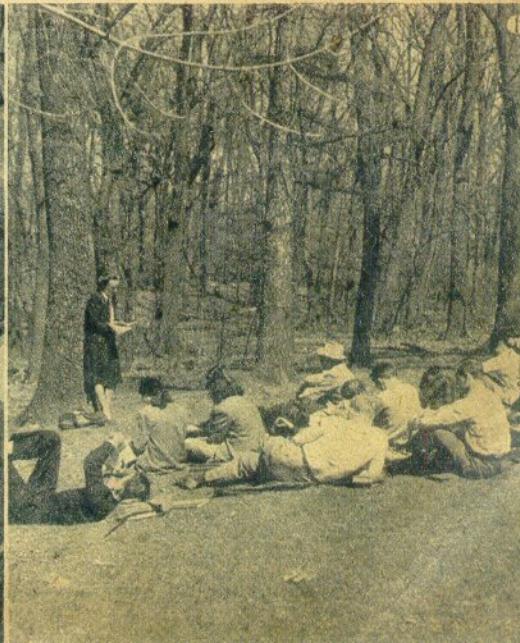
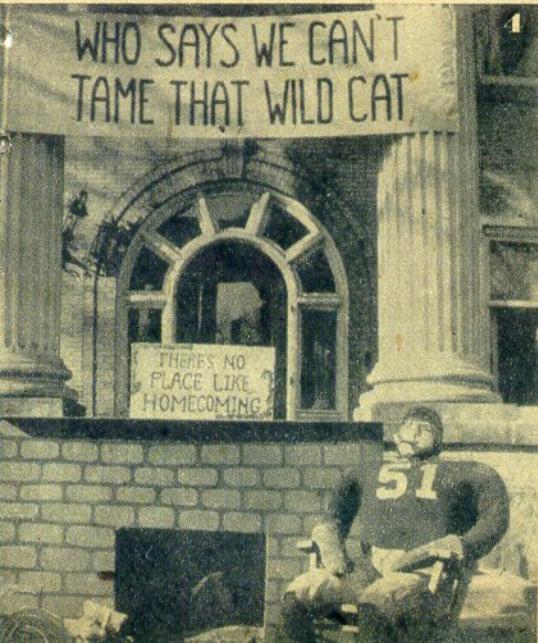
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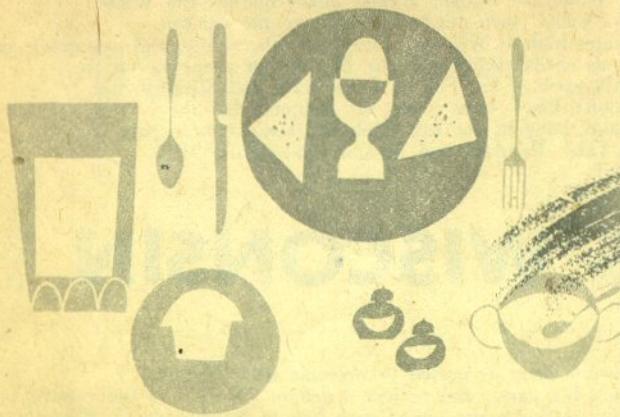
by
ANNETTE
TURNGREN

4 Homecoming at Wisconsin finds every dorm decorated to welcome back Badger alumni for the season's big game, and to jeer a defiant "Nyah!" to the visiting team. The cleverest idea for getting a rise out of such foes as Northwestern's Wildcats gets a prize.

5 Read all about it in the Daily Cardinal! Like all Wisconsin students, Natalie Biart of Madison is so busy—she has a part-time job, is an outdoor gal and Hooper member, has a top-notch academic record—she depends on her campus "daily" to keep her in the know.

6 Spring, beautiful Spring, finds many classes meeting out of doors. Not loafing, though. Takes study to keep up with Wisconsin's outstanding record in scientific research, education, and public service, her three big claims to academic fame.





Resolve now: to rise and
shine when the
alarm goes off; and to eat
a better breakfast

in the extra time

Result: more pep
and better grades.

EAT A BETTER BREAKFAST

by ZOLA VINCENT, Food Editor

There is a direct relationship between your breakfast and your report card. A good breakfast that includes milk, fruit or fruit juice, cereal and eggs gives you more vim, vigor and personality pluses for the morning school hours.

If your family belongs to the "get up, gulp and go" school of breakfasters, there is something YOU can do about it . . . something that will aid the general health and well-being of the entire family.

Good Ways To Start Your Days

There is no excuse whatever for breakfast monotony; for having "the same old breakfast." Breakfast is the one meal where all members of the family can indulge their fancy with the greatest of ease.

Surely by now everyone, everywhere, is aware of the importance of vitamins and knows that vitamins show up in greatest numbers in citrus fruits whether fresh, canned or juiced; in (Continued on page 66)

RISE AND SHINE

by JACKIE MORRELL



practically weren't worth living.

What made the difference? Well, maybe those articles about everybody having a different peak-time in the day are true. But chances are the answer is really simpler than that.

Think back to the birdie-hour this morning. You went to bed on time last night, and you heard the alarm. But you didn't pry yourself from under that woolly blanket till your mother pulled you out by the ears. "Yipe!" you probably yiped. "I gotta gallop!"

You tossed on a sweater and skirt, still so sleepy-eyed you wound up with purple sox and a tomato-red sweater. Then you grabbed your stuff, getting a history notebook instead of your English theme, and out the door you cantered. Remember your mother calling after you something about breakfast? Or have you grown deaf to that routine?

So what happened? You felt dull and crumby. You didn't have your theme, and all of a sudden you were painfully conscious of the color feud you'd worn.

And worst of all, you don't remember a blessed thing said in class.

Nice day this started out to be.

"But," you say, "it's just the way I'm made—this being seven-tenths dead till ten o'clock."

Oh, is it, now? Remember that gal, the one up in the first paragraph? She's made exactly like you. She's sleeping just as happily as you are when the alarm squawks. But just like you, she's gotta get up.

So—she gets up! That sounds simple, doesn't it? And it is. Those fifteen minutes you waste rebelling don't really rest you. They merely make sure that you'll be worn to a frazzle at least until noon.

What's the percentage? Uh-huh, zero.

Now then, she's up. Maybe she was extra smart and decided last night what she was going to wear. Or else,

those extra minutes gave her thirty seconds leeway to look at herself after she was awake enough to see if something drastic was wrong.

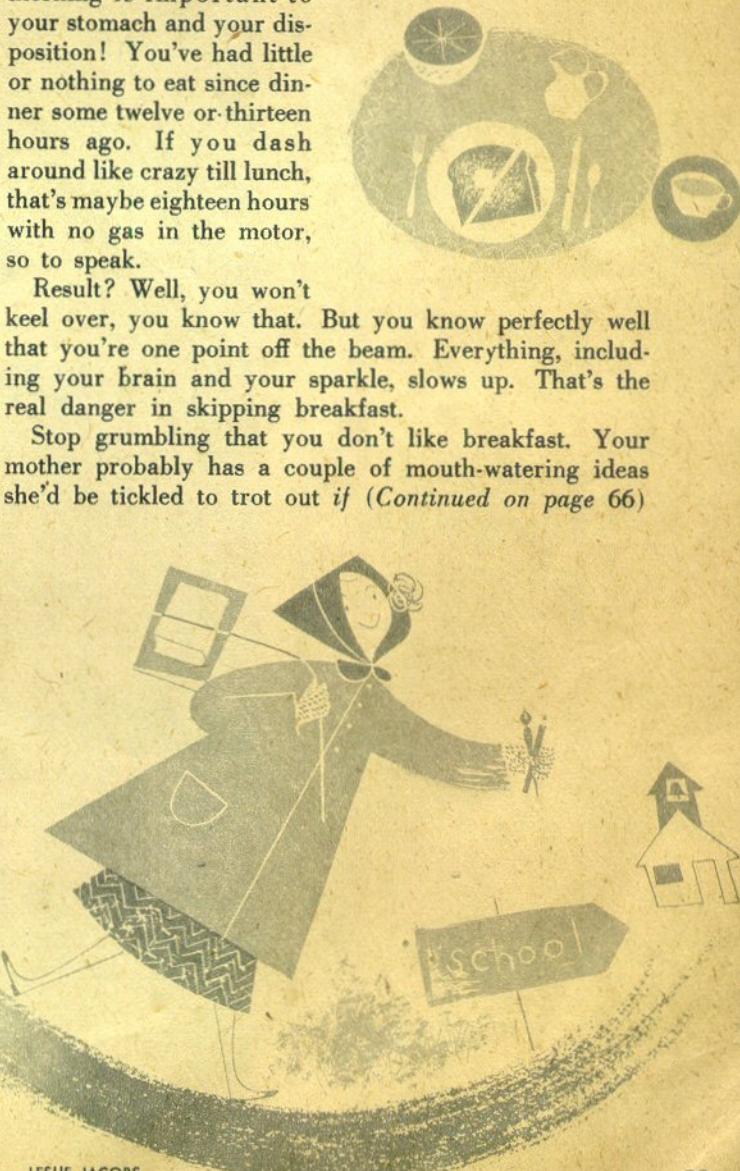
Then came the real catch about that quarter of an hour. A long-lost custom, a charming tradition, *breakfast*.

Hold on now. She did have time to eat it. She did enjoy it. And you know what good it did.

Look at it this way. Saving ten minutes to eat in the morning is important to your stomach and your disposition! You've had little or nothing to eat since dinner some twelve or thirteen hours ago. If you dash around like crazy till lunch, that's maybe eighteen hours with no gas in the motor, so to speak.

Result? Well, you won't keel over, you know that. But you know perfectly well that you're one point off the beam. Everything, including your brain and your sparkle, slows up. That's the real danger in skipping breakfast.

Stop grumbling that you don't like breakfast. Your mother probably has a couple of mouth-watering ideas she'd be tickled to trot out if (Continued on page 66)



G

IRLS IN THE OLYMPICS



Snowbird Andrea Mead whizzes by slalom flags, makes beautiful precision turns at high speed.

*They're off to the winter wonderland of St. Moritz to
compete with the world's finest skiers and skaters*

by ANN THORNE

National Pair Champions Yvonne Sherman and Bob Swenning cut a neat new figure on ice.



Ruth-Marie Stewart started skiing in kindergarten, and did her first racing for her junior high.



Brynhild Grasmoen passed up modeling for skiing. She plans to enter college in the fall.



Those Kennedy Kids, Karol and Peter, team up on ice, turn out a spectacular skating act.



Among the happiest, most excited of all the contestants in the 1948 Olympics will be two of the youngest girl athletes ever to qualify for this greatest of sports events. Karol Kennedy, fifteen-year-old figure skater, and Andrea Mead, skier, who passed the tryout tests last winter at the age of fourteen, were barely knee-high when the last Olympics were held in 1936.

In fact, almost all the American girls competing in the Olympic Winter Games at St. Moritz, Switzerland, from January 30 to February 8, are in their teens, or very little older. For most of them, taking part in the Winter Games will mean their first glimpse of Europe, their first ocean voyage or trans-Atlantic air trip, their first chance to compete against the top amateur athletes of other countries.

They've been training for this event for a long time, looking forward to it, keeping their fingers crossed about passing the tryout tests. Now they're in. They'll be gathering in New York in January to make the trip abroad.

But probably none of them is really prepared for the terrific thrill of competing in the Winter Games. Imagine racing down Alpine slopes at sixty miles or more an hour, the wind roaring past you, on your sweater the Olympic emblem in the colors of the American flag, loud-speakers blaring, crowds roaring while you try to outdistance the greatest athletes of eighteen other nations who are racing with you! Or remembering, as you perform your best figures on the ice while the spectators watch, almost breathless with admiration, that some of the greatest skaters of all time have held just such crowds spellbound when they were Olympic contestants like you!

The original Olympics, in case you're a little rusty on your Greek history, were festivals held every four years (an Olympiad equals four years, just for the record) in Elos, Greece, at which the best athletes, poets, painters, and so on were awarded the laurel crown, highest honor of all. Today's Olympics—revived late in the nineteenth century to encourage friendship among nations and the finest kind of sports ideals—are modeled after those of the ancients.

They're for amateurs only, which means that anyone who's accepted either cash or gifts for his—or her—athletic performances can't compete. The young stars of the ski trails and skating rinks who will be fighting for first place at St. Moritz in February are out, not for money prizes—there aren't any—but for that precious certificate that says they won—or at least that they tried. That's true, too, for the discus throwers, high-jumpers, runners, swimmers, and all the others who will be competing at the Olympic summer games in London from July 29 to August 13.

The Olympics at London will be officially opened when the bells ring out and cross-country runners—a horde of them—arrive with the Olympic flame, a lighted torch which they've carried day and night, through country after country, from Elos in Greece to London. The man who proudly holds the torch aloft when the runners race into the Olympic (Continued on page 64)

It was too late for Karen to save herself but was there



*"Get going!" Ward snapped.
An automatic glinted
in his gloved hand.*

Flora Smith

no way of warning the others of the danger?

THE STORY SO FAR—On the snow train bound for Uncle Charlie's lodge with her high school gang, Karen Allen found a diamond which no one would claim. When they reached the station, Karen started to show her Uncle Charlie the diamond. It had disappeared! Her uncle warned them to stay off the dangerous slope behind the stables. Someone had crossed the slope the night before, however, so Per Guldmark (on whose judgment of skiing possibilities much depended) went off to inspect the tracks. Karen surprised Mr. Ward stealthily going through the jacket of another guest, Mr. Stevens, obviously hunting for the diamond. Suddenly she realized there was an unnatural silence and rushed to the kitchen window in time to see a skier cross the slope. With a thunderous roar the snow slide started down the mountain and only the massive windbreak above the lodge saved the buildings from being crushed. Fearing that Per had been buried, the gang started in search for him when he suddenly skied into view with three ski poles instead of two. Per had surprised a stranger who, in his haste to get away, had lost a pole before skiing over the slope. Later when Per went to the shed to inspect the strange ski pole, Karen followed him, only to find that Mr. Ward had had the same idea. Mr. Stevens and Uncle Charlie appeared in time to hear Ward's hasty explanation. Just then the top of the ski pole came off in Per's hand and three diamonds rolled out on the floor! Now go on with the story.

Diamond in the Snow

by ADRIEN STOUTENBURG AND BARBARA RITCHIE

CHAPTER 3 Uncle Charlie scooped the diamonds up in his hands. "So that's the kind of trap line the so-called trapper is running. Diamonds hidden in a ski-pole! But why? What's his game?"

Ward had inched forward, eyes fixed on the jewels. "How do you know it's the same fellow?" he shot out, his usually flat voice pitched high.

Uncle Charlie did not answer. As for the others who had come crowding into the woodshed just in time to see Per's discovery of the diamonds in the ski pole, their faces were blank and bewildered. Only Mr. Stevens, rocking slowly back and forth on his heels, seemed unperturbed. Almost *too* unperturbed!

Uncle Charlie smiled nervously at Karen. "This time, I guess maybe I'd better appoint myself guardian of these diamonds, eh? Wonder who's guarding the other one that you found on the train?"

"You're welcome to them," Karen said. "I'd be scared to death of somebody creeping up on me."

She shouldn't have said it, she realized. Everybody was jumpy enough as it was. Everybody but cool, self-possessed Mr. Stevens.

That night she tried valiantly to get to sleep, but her

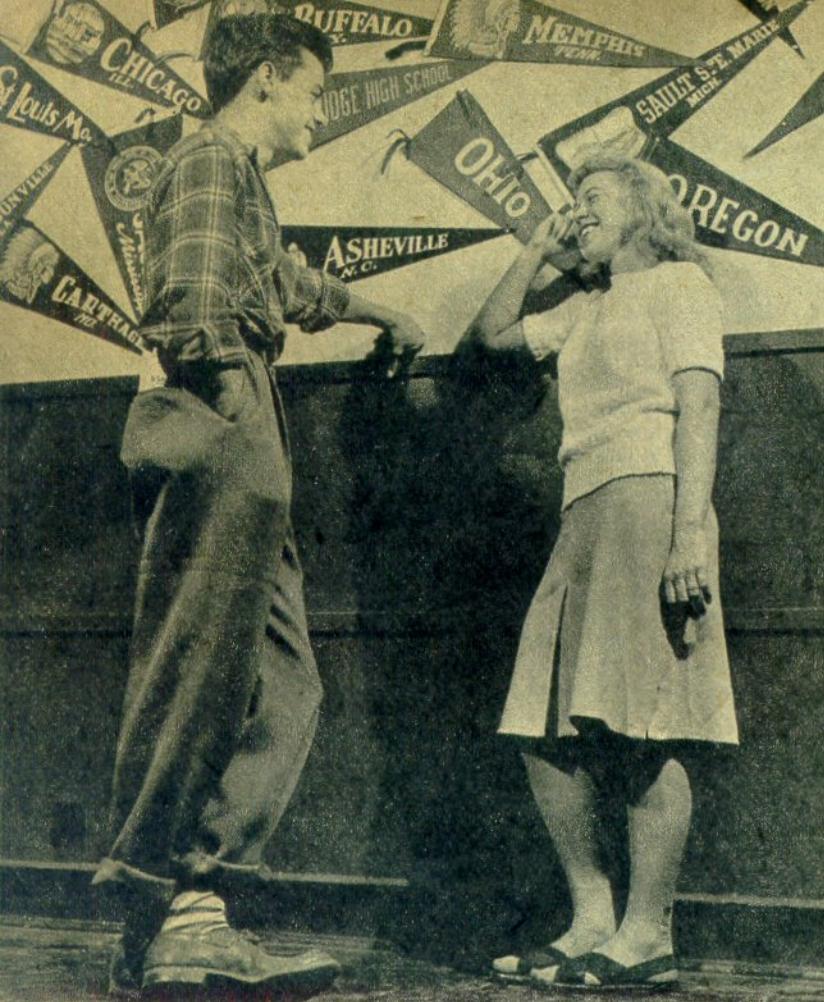
thoughts were whirling. There seemed to be no end to the mad swirl of events that had started only that morning on the snow train. If the mystery wasn't cleared up pretty soon, they'd never have time to get around to exploring the region's resort possibilities.

When she finally fell asleep, she was plagued with nightmares in which an evil-looking skier kept pursuing her over the mountains. Just as he was about to clutch her, she woke to the gray, still light of morning seeping in through the drawn curtains.

The snow had stopped. Per, surveying the sky after breakfast, agreed that even though the sky still looked stormy, they could risk going on a short trip toward the Lower Cloud trail. "I'd better check on the map again," he said, reaching in his back pocket. He moistened his lips and frowned. "Gone!"

Ward, who was sitting on the opposite side of the round table, raised his dark eyebrows. "You've lost the map? I'd hoped to have a chance to study it to see if there isn't some way to get to Snowline."

Stevens cleared his throat and looked at Ward. "You're quite sure you still want to go to Snowline, Mr. W? It's a risky trail, I've heard." (Continued on page 46)



From all over the 48 states have come the Oak Ridge families. Proof is the unique collection of pennants in the Wildcats' Den. The good neighbors are Bill Cobb of Tennessee and Marty Roling of Minnesota. Marty wears zomb-ees without ankle socks, a favorite fashion among the girls at Oak Ridge High.

HI-SCHOOL HANGOUT

OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE

by GAYLEN GOODRICH

• Tucked away in a remote valley of eastern Tennessee, eighteen miles from Knoxville, is the city of Oak Ridge—whose name has gone down in history as the nerve center of the Atomic Bomb Project. Today, operated under the supervision of the Atomic Energy Commission, Oak Ridge (current population 36,000) is still a closed, guarded city through whose gates none may enter without a pass.

Because of its isolation from its sister cities, Oak Ridge places strong emphasis on inter-community activities. Strung across its eight square miles are innumerable youth centers, tennis courts and the second largest outdoor swimming pool in the United States.

But of all these facilities, the Wildcats' Den is tops with young folks—as any one of the 761 Oak Ridge High School students will tell you at the drop of a straw—because it is their special hangout, the place to which they swarm in their leisure time to whiff the pitter, spin the platters and glut on cokes and goo.

Scene of gay dances and parties, the Den is also headquarters for many serious discussions by Oak Ridge boys and girls whose surroundings and everyday life have made them singularly aware of the world-shattering force of atomic power. "We realize," they say, "that the ushering in of the Atomic Age has cast aside all frontiers and that from now on it has got to be one world or none."

The porch railing is a comfortable place to perch and blow plastic bubbles. From left to right, Joan Gilliam, Mary Lou Miller and Marjorie Curtis huff and they puff. The three are also active in Oak Ridge High's Youth Council on the Atomic Crisis, which crusades for the peaceful use of atomic energy.

All out for the Wildcats' Den as Don Riley brings his jalopy, Atom Smasher, to a groaning stop. The girls frown on twosomes, like to travel in packs. "We want fun, not heavy romance," they declare. For fun they often throw hen Slumber Parties, giggle- and gabfests that go on till the tired guests fall asleep on blankets in the living room.



The girls steady their nerves with lollipops during a tense game of Chinese Checkers. Chester Painter (left) has just pulled a boner, and Tommy Stephenson comments: "That's rare"—standard Oak Ridge for things good, bad and indifferent. A bad joke gets flattened with the quip, "Dear John, that's all she wrote."

The juke box is neglected as jitterbugs stomp to Pollock's recorded music, piped via telephone wire to the Den from a central broadcasting studio in Oak Ridge. Dancers telephone their requests to Mr. Pollock. Currently they're for *Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!* (That Cigarette), and Vaughn Monroe's arrangement of *Racing with the Moon*.



The Wildcats' Den is a one-room wing of a rambling one-story building, typical of Oak Ridge architecture. It is crowded afternoons and evenings but the big dance night is Friday. The football season is marked by a series of gay victory or consolation hops but other times of the year "Just Because" dances furnish excuse for fun and frolic.

(Continued on following page)



HI-SCHOOL HANGOUT

(Continued from preceding page)



Above—Some sing around the piano, some read, and some shoot the breeze. You can tell an Oak Ridge teen-ager because she almost always wears a long-streamered bow in her hair and carries a tiny brush in lieu of a comb. She doesn't care for jewelry except for a class ring or miniature football worn on a chain around her neck.

Center—The windows of the Den are curtained in gray and maroon, the Oak Ridge High colors. Helpfully handing the hammer to Danny Dolan is Carita Bryson. The three chevrons on the sleeve of Danny's high school sweater indicate a three-year membership in the high school band. He's also senior class president and manager of the football team.

Below—Time out for Cokes at the initial-scarred snack counter. You can also order a Knopsnooter, a concoction made with the juice of a lime, crushed ice, and as much salt as palatable. It's mainly the boys who go for this. In the goo line the girls prefer the more orthodox hot fudge sundae. Snack bar proceeds pay for decorations.



YVONNE

by PAT PEMBERTON (AGE 15)

I was strolling rather aimlessly through Toller's, the largest department store in the city, thinking about Yvonne. Yvonne has long, black, silky hair—the kind a man likes to run his fingers through—only I haven't gotten to that stage yet. Yvonne has dark, mysterious eyes that make it hard for a guy to know whether she's going to say yes or no—and red lips that smile in the most fascinating way when I grin at her. "Yvonne, how about going to the dance with me?" I whispered, grinning irresistibly.

"Can I help you, sir?" she said.

"Huh? Oh, yes—I mean—pardon me, Yvonne—I mean—" I turned abruptly from the saleslady, who seemed about to burst out laughing, and tried to walk away nonchalantly. Some people are so unromantic.

Now you take Yvonne. Yvonne. Even her name is beautiful, tantalizing, exquisite. I had looked it up somewhere and found that it meant "God's gift." Upon learning this, I had immediately thanked God fervently and humbly that she existed, and that she had even consented to three dates with me. I had also put in a little prayer that she would go with me to the dance, which was now only a week away.

I passed the stationery counter, reflected vaguely that my fountain pen leaked, and picked up a red one with green and brown spots. It looked sort of distinctive, I decided. Impressive. And Yvonne would certainly notice, if I sort of unobtrusively displayed it in English class, that it fit my dynamic personality perfectly.

"Like to try it out, sir?" The salesman (Continued on page 52)

SOPHISTICATION

by PAT KERSTEN (AGE 18)

This was to be her night. For exactly three weeks and five days she had looked forward to it, taking care each day to cross off the preceding one on the calendar. And now as she stood before the floor-length mirror she surveyed the finished product of almost two hours' slow and elaborate preparation.

If Phil and the gang could see me now, she thought. Quite a difference from my saddle shoes and lumberjack shirt. The gang were her friends, the boys and girls with whom she'd grown up and gone around all her life. She wondered if they would even know her in her smooth new black formal with the thin straps and low neckline.

She wondered what Phil would say if he saw her—probably emit a long slow whistle of approval—so like Phil, young and cute, but with no suaveness at all. She had been "Phil's girl" ever since she could remember, but she was tired of it now, tired, not because she didn't like Phil, but because she longed for an older, more mature man. She was growing up and had a desire to "see life." It was this that made her beg her glamorous older sister, Cynthia, to let her be Tommy's cousin's blind date. It took a lot of persuading, but something about the earnestness and pleading in her voice and eyes made Cynthia say yes. To be like her was Nancy's aim—modern, sophisticated and fascinating.

"Well, little Miss Sophisticate," Cynthia's amused face appeared at the bedroom door, "you're looking wonderful—sharp I guess your friends would call it. All ready with the personality smile? Bob is just like Tommy and all my friends, so I know you'll (Continued on page 53)

They tried hard and made the grade—

You can do the same.

Just post to us a poem or story;

Your brainchild will bring you fame



STATE COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

(This section to be filled by the candidate)

Name.....
(surname) (first given name) (second given name)

Home address _____
(Street and number) _____ (City) _____ (State) _____ (County) _____

Date of birth..... Place of birth..... Age.....
Name of father,

Address of above

Normal School attended, if any..... Teaching experience.....

College attended, if any _____
Degree applied for () A. B. () B. Ed. _____
Date study will begin _____
Residence requirement () regular sessions
to be completed in: () summer sessions

Degree applied for () A. B. () B. Ed. to be completed in: () summer sessions
(check) () B. S. (Commerce) () B. S. (Librarianship) (check) () evening courses

DECLARATION: I hereby declare that my object in seeking admission to the State College for Teachers is to prepare myself for the teaching profession; and I further declare that it is my intention upon graduation to devote myself to teaching in the schools of this State.

Signature of applicant.

(This section, except column 6, to be filled in by the High School Principal)

Underscore any subject in which a candidate has taken a second examination to raise a Regents grade.

CERTIFICATE OF PRINCIPAL. I hereby certify that the candidate named in this application entered the

High School in _____, completed an approved curriculum, and was graduate
on _____

Date of certification _____ Signature of principal _____

Signature of principal

(This section to be filled by the Dean of the College)

Date of admission _____ Course _____

HOW TO MAKE A COLLEGE ENTRANCE

Many apply but few are chosen. It's the wise junior who starts in quest of college acceptance now

by SUNNA COOPER

From where you sit in Junior Row or even in Senior Sanctum, college looks a long way off, and surely there's no rush yet about deciding where to go, or whether you should try a job in the business world first or head straight for the halls of higher learning. But not so. It is later, graduating girls of '48 and '49, than you think. The big decision about college has to be made soon, or you may have the matter settled for you—and maybe not to your liking.

At one time you could decide to go to college two weeks before college opened, apply for admission, and what's more, get accepted. That was during the war when colleges were begging for applicants, but now it's the applicants who are begging for colleges. It's a case of first come, first served, and just so many (and no more) can be admitted. This is



DESIGNED BY FRED TOBEY



where the shrewd girl comes in. She's the girl who plans her admission into college as carefully as she makes moves to ensnare the man of her choice.

It's a known and deplorable fact that every principal in the state can name girls and more girls who waited until their graduation this past June, or just before, to apply for college and were left out in the cold. This needn't happen to you. You have a guidance teacher or grade adviser in your school (unless your principal takes care of the vocational guidance angle, too) who is ready at all times to help you. Go to that teacher for advice. That should be your first step. He'll tell you the college or colleges that are best suited for you. Don't ever wait until you think you've decided "what you want to be when you grow up" to consult your guidance teacher. At the same (*Continued on page 60*)

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Guest Conductors Virginia and Peggy McIntire

This month the guest conductors of "Let's Talk It Over" are Peggy McIntire, sixteen-year-old actress featured in RKO's "I Remember Mama," and her mother, Mrs. Virginia McIntire. If you have a problem which you would like discussed in this column in a future issue, write to Alice Barr Grayson, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

I have been very much upset by my parents' constant bickering and threats of divorce. I can't concentrate on my studies and my grades have gone down. What shall I do?

Mrs. McIntire—This is a difficult situation for any young girl to face. In order for you to keep up your studies, it would be a good plan for you to try to spend as much time at school as possible. Try to get interested in outside activities in order to keep your mind occupied. Above all, try to understand that your parents may be trying to solve problems of which you have no knowledge.

Peggy—I agree with my mother on this. I think, too, you should try to realize that if a divorce is imminent that perhaps it would be for the best.

What can you do if your mother not only forbids you to date a boy but even refuses to meet him?

Mrs. McIntire—I think this is a selfish attitude for any mother to take unless she has a legitimate objection to the boy. In all fairness she should certainly meet the boy and then form her own impressions and opinions. The attitude you speak of is unfair both to the boy and her own daughter. Sometimes when young people are not allowed to meet openly in their own homes, they resort to secret meetings, which is bad for everyone concerned.

Peggy—I agree with Mother that this is a selfish attitude. You should try to explain to your mother that the boy is nice and see if you can't at least get her to let you invite him to your house. Whatever you do, don't meet him secretly.

When boys are around I become shy and rather bashful and can't think of anything to say. How can I overcome this?

Mrs. McIntire—You should make it a point to find out what the boys' interests are, and their likes and dislikes. One of the hardest things to do is to learn to forget yourself. And it's a good thing to keep the fact in mind that other people are often shy and self-conscious inside—even if they appear poised and at ease to you.

Peggy—Some of your girl friends are bound to have brothers. Try to mingle with them and learn what they like to talk about. In the give and take of family life, you will learn what boys like to talk about. When you're left alone with them, you can learn to put them at their ease by discussing subjects in which they have an interest.

What can you do when your boy friend's mother insists on going with you on your date with her son? (Continued on page 59)



Mrs. McIntire



Peggy



BE FIRST TO PICK VIOLETS

Deep Purple, Shy Violet, Mauve Pink—and you're the first to wear them in a whirlaway Gibson Girl skirt! Skirts of Pacific 100% wool Ribolaine, styled by Derby, about \$8 each. Cotton Gibson Girl blouses, about \$5 and \$6, by Sally Mason. Gold kid ballet slippers by Prima or sandals turn a skirt and blouse into a party outfit. Gold kid shoes from Kays-Newport, Providence. The three models wear Red Majesty lipstick by Tangee. Skirts and blouses at Bloomingdale's, New York; Loveman's, Chattanooga; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Filene's, Boston; Foley Bros., Houston; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Stewart's, Baltimore; F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus; Shillito's, Cincinnati; Six, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Thalhimer's, Richmond; and Lansburgh's, Washington.





The secret of Bill Holden's popularity is that in or out of the movies he's the sort of guy you'd like for a neighbor

HOLDEN'S ON THE MAP!

by ANITA McGEE

In Eugene, Oregon, a lot of people have renamed Hollywood "Holdentown." It's not because they don't know their geography, either. The rechristening took place recently when Bill Holden was on location in Oregon, making "Rachel" for RKO and winning the affections of the citizenry by his participation in local affairs. To Bill's Oregon friends, the movie capital is now Holdentown.

Regardless of what you call the city of stars, you'll have to agree that Holden's really on the map these days. Since his discharge from the Air Corps, he's quickly zoomed back into his pre-war eminence. To enhance his popularity are "Rachel," with Loretta Young and Bob Mitchum and "The Man from Colorado," in which Bill co-stars with Glenn Ford.

Tousle-haired and blue-eyed, Bill is as American and natural as an ice-cream soda. Born in O'Fallon, Illinois, Bill was scheduled to follow in his father's footsteps and become a chemist. But school theatricals started him on the road to acting. He graduated to the Pasadena Playhouse, and was spotted by a talent scout. A screen test led to his first movie role—the coveted one of the boxer in "Golden Boy." His sensitive portrayal of the violinist turned fighter made him an overnight star.

By all the rules in the book, Bill should have been forgotten by the public during the four years he spent in the Air Corps, working his way up from private to first lieutenant. After his discharge there was an additional lapse of nine months until Paramount cast him in "Dear Ruth" as the romance-hungry soldier on leave. But "Dear Ruth" proved that Bill had a flair for comedy and that movie audiences still had a flair for Holden. His welcome was repeated in "Blaze of Noon," and now with two big pictures in the works, Bill is a busy, happy actor again.

The popularity Bill enjoys among teen-agers is the quiet kind. His fans respect him, think he's like the guy next door, only special. He loves to fish, ride and shoot, is boyishly proud of his collection of guns and will discuss them avidly, despite his shyness. In real life he's as versatile as he is on the screen. And as good-natured too!

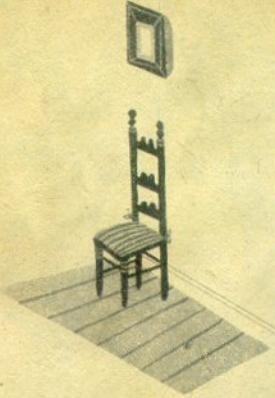
The very special place on the map for Holden is Arizona. For it was during the filming of "Arizona" that he married lovely actress Brenda Marshall. Three daddy-loving Holdens say they like Arizona, too!



At top—Columbia's Technicolor epic, "The Man from Colorado," puts Bill in Civil War uniform and Ellen Drew in his arms.

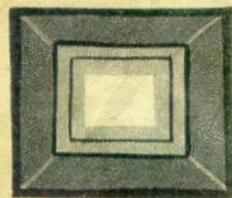
Center—A serious moment from "Rachel," RKO's romance of the early West. Of course you recognize Bob Mitchum with Bill.

Mr. and Mrs. Holden soak up some of that famous California sunshine on the lawn of their home in North Hollywood.



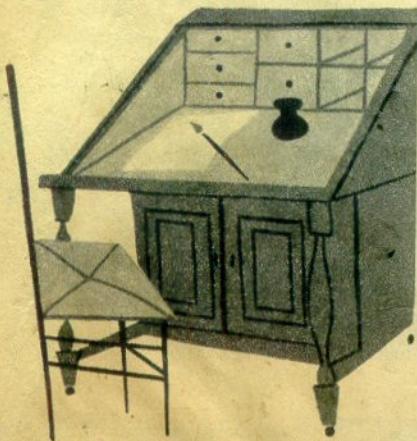
do

*hang pictures flush to the wall
with hooks and wires concealed.*



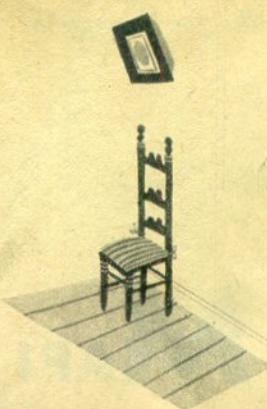
do

*let pictures and frames conform with
the size of the furniture.*



do

*attach picture to wall by means
of hooks placed near top of frame.*

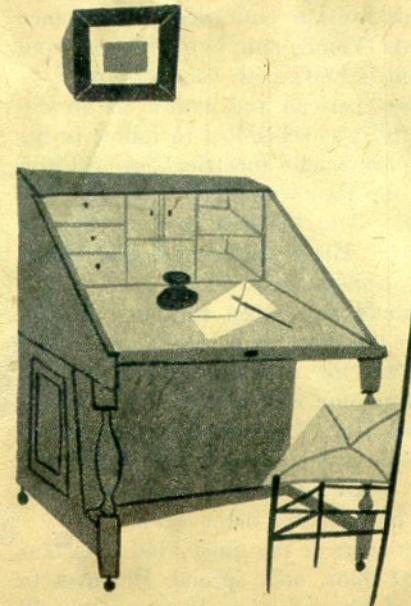


don't

*permit pictures to tilt forward.
That went out in Grandma's day!*

don't

*let a tiny picture do
the work of a large one!*



don't

*make the mistake of using ornate
cord and tassels.*

**GET
THE
HANG
OF
IT!**

*This article will give you a
new perspective on the rights
and wrongs of picture-hanging*

You choose a picture because you like it. It may be the subject of the picture which you enjoy, its composition or perhaps the artist's choice of colors. Selecting a picture is your department, but remember that the wallpaper or color of a room's furnishings play an important part in the picture's effectiveness.

Before hanging pictures, it's wise to arrange them first in the desired position on the wall by having someone hold them in their approximate grouping. Make all your changes now to avoid future trouble.

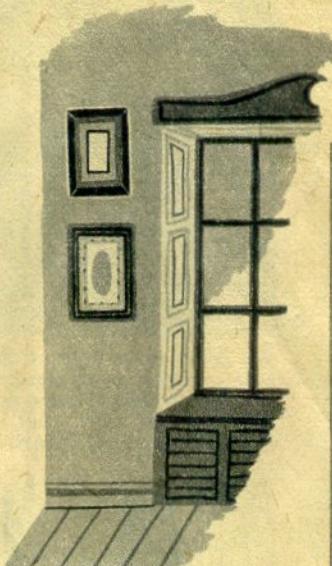
Each picture should be hung so that its subject is at eye level. Nails and hooks placed near the top of the frame stay out of sight and keep the picture from tilting.

When grouping pictures, choose subjects which are related; and match the pictures in color tones. Never include a vividly colored picture in a group of pastels. You can group photographs, etchings, oils or water colors but frame them somewhat alike.

In a broad horizontal space, hang a horizontally framed picture. When the space is vertical, hang vertically framed pictures. Horizontal pictures tend to bring down a high ceiling; vertical pictures send a low ceiling up where it belongs.

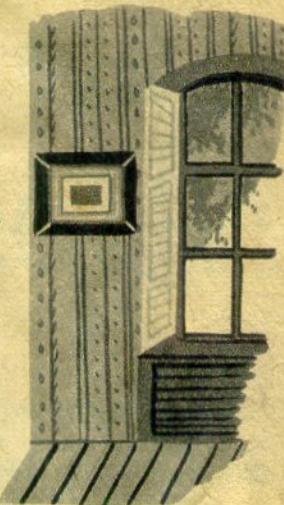
Never hang pictures in inconspicuous places. If you're not especially interested in a picture, it's a fairly good indication that it doesn't belong on your wall!

by MAXINE LIVINGSTON, Decorating Editor



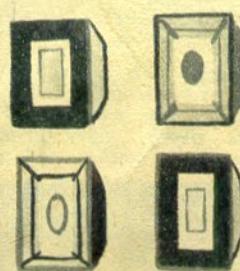
do

*hang vertically framed pictures
in narrow wall areas.*



don't

*hang one horizontally framed picture
in a narrow space or on figured paper!*



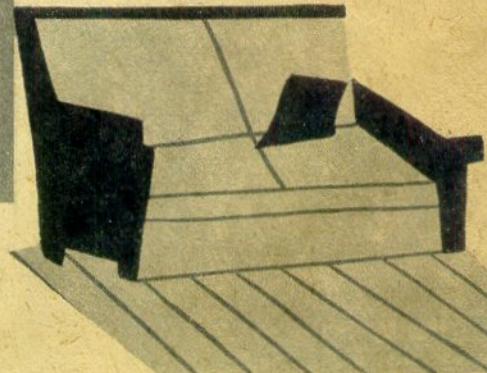
do

*line up frames at bottom
when grouping pictures.*



don't

*group pictures haphazardly.
They'll bring on myopia!*



E. V. VALZ

CAG

Club News

by NANCY PEPPER,
National Director of the
CALLING ALL GIRLS Clubs

As we write this, we're just setting out on our Christmas Fashion Show tour, but, by the time you read it, we'll be up to our necks (or, should we say "down to our ankles," because that's almost where your skirts will be?) in Easter shows. But, no matter what the season, you CAG Club Members get more than your share of Fun and Fashion at meetings and shows conducted by your Official Headquarters Store. Check the Official Headquarters listing in the back of the magazine to see which is the CAG store in your town. If there isn't one, write us and we'll get busy about it. We want you to find out for yourselves how truly wonderful a CAG Club can be!



Yes, it's Robert Mitchum, RKO favorite, who recently guest-ed on the CAG Radio Show. He told our members about his early days as a Western hero; is grateful to you teens for helping him get places in Hollywood.



Boy hands girl a Coke at the Edward's Date Fashion Clinic in Rochester. The boys who were the fashion judges voted against this long Gibson skirt, but we hear that they've since changed their minds about it!



Souvenir girls at the CAG show conducted by Kirven's, Official Headquarters in Columbus, Ga., were Fay Woolard and Jeanette Beech. They distributed miniature Coca-Cola bottles, and cosmetic samples.



It's Mel Tormé, the "Velvet Fog," as he performed for about 3500 CAG Club Members at a show conducted by Kresge-Newark, Newark. Did you hear him recently on the Calling All Girls Radio Show? He was terrific!



Here I am at the Fashion Treasure Hunt, conducted by Nelson's, Official Headquarters in Rome, N. Y., at the local YMCA. There was a dance after the show, with a five-piece orchestra and a jive contest for excitement.



A jury of boys from six Rochester high schools passed judgment on fashions modeled by members of the CAG Club of Edward's, our Rochester Headquarters. They picked hooded shorties for football dates.



Grand finale of the CAG Treasure Hunt at Gimbels, Philadelphia. The lady in the back row is Pearl Carey of Gimbels, who produces the shows. Third from left, in front row is Ruth Hampton, our last May's Cover Girl.



Invest Christmas money wisely in an expensive-looking dress which leaves you change from a ten-dollar bill.

Wonderful winter-into-spring spun rayon by Teentimer, with the new look in rounded shoulders. About \$9 at Famous-Barr, St. Louis, and at The Bon Marche, Seattle.

YOUR
CHRISTMAS
LOOT
WELL
SPENT



ZOGBAUM

That Gibson glamour in striped cotton with wide belt, long sleeves, pert collar. By Josette, about \$8 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; The Higbee Co., Cleveland; and The Emporium, San Francisco.



Rayon gabardine and checked taffeta combined by Teentimer in a pretty-as-a-picture dress for midwinter dating. About \$9 at Gimbel's, New York; Philadelphia; and Pittsburgh.

New Suits for Old



"The New Look" may be good for your glamour, but it's hard on your budget. Here you are with a perfectly good Easter suit from last year, only the longish peplum jacket and the short, skimpy skirt are as out of date as last year's romance. Well, then, eliminate the skirt—and make a brand new one out of a harmonizing wool plaid or check (we blended brown and turquoise check with the turquoise Shetland jacket). Cut a few inches off the peplum, straighten the sleeves and tuck a Peter Pan dickey of the skirt fabric into the neckline. It's easy to make your swirling skirt from Simplicity Printed Pattern #2258. Cost 25c, sizes 11 to 18. Twelve inches from the ground is the length to wear your ballerina suit this Easter. Felt derby by Madcaps. Obtain Simplicity Patterns from local dealers or send cash to Patterns, Calling All Girls Magazine, 260 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

WILLIAM BENEDICT

Look below, for a series of questions to test that most intangible of qualities—your poise.

Just what is poise? Charm and quick thinking—a natural, friendly attitude toward people—the quality that can make you stand up before strangers and speak clearly and convincingly. With poise, you won't go tongue-tied or—what's worse—giggly on a date. You're free from the embarrassments and confusions that hold so many people back . . . you've mastered the art of being yourself.

A few of the questions below are tricky. You'll have to think hard, and try to visualize yourself in some of the situations we describe. Four points to your credit for every time you come up right.

GROUP 1

Have you ever refused to go to a party because most of the crowd were strangers to you?

Are you afraid boys will think you're a grind if you get good marks?

Are you reluctant to double-date with a girl whom you consider more attractive than yourself?

Would you rather have a dress that's more becoming than appropriate?

Are you embarrassed by an occasional brief silence when you're out on a date?

(Score four points for every "no.")

GROUP 2

Can you tell an amusing story without laughing until you get to the punch line?

Would you go out with a boy you liked, even if your friends thought he was unattractive?

When things go wrong, do you work hard to change them, rather than just daydream?

Can you listen without interrupting when the crowd discusses people you don't know?

Can you accept a compliment without denying it or turning it into a joke?

(Every "yes" adds four more points to your score.)

GROUP 3

Have you ever gone out with a boy you didn't like, because you couldn't think of an excuse for refusing?

Have you ever kept still in class, not because you didn't know the answer, but because you were afraid to recite?

Or refused a date because you didn't have just the right clothes?

Are you ashamed to have people know when you spend a Saturday evening alone?

Ever pretend you didn't see someone, because you couldn't think of what to say? ("No" is the right answer for this group.)

GROUP 4

Can you tactfully suggest to a good friend that her outfit or hairdo is unbecoming?

Can you pass a mirror without secretly stealing a glance?

If you were incorrectly dressed for a party, could you make a brief explanation to your friends, and then forget it?

Do you talk as easily and naturally with older people as with your own friends?

Can you laugh just as hard when the joke's on you?

(These are tough ones, but every "yes" will bring you four more points.)

GROUP 5

Does your personality change a little with different people?

Ever stayed out later than you should, just to keep up with the crowd?

Would you accept a bid for a dance from someone you didn't like just for the sake of being "seen"?

When you bring a boy home to dinner for the first time, do you tell your family how to act?

When introducing a crowd of people, do you suddenly forget familiar names?

(Four points for each "no.")

HOW'S YOUR SCORE?

If you scored 80 and up . . .

Congratulations! You rate an A on poise, and for good reason. There are few occasions that really throw you. You're probably as natural in the classroom or on a date as you are with your own family.

You're lucky . . . an easy, friendly personality is worth its weight in glamour.

Your score was 60 to 70 . . .

This is just about the average mixture of shyness and poise. A few things get you down, but not too many. Go over the questions and find out which ones bothered you. Some people are shy about certain things—say clothes and appearance—but have plenty of poise about others. Figure out your particular quirk, and get set to change.

Oh, oh . . . 56 or below . . .

There's room for improvement. You're fussing over a lot of things that don't honestly matter. Remember that poise can belong to everyone, and time, new friends, new experiences all help. Try taking the test six months from now, and see if you can't "up" that score.

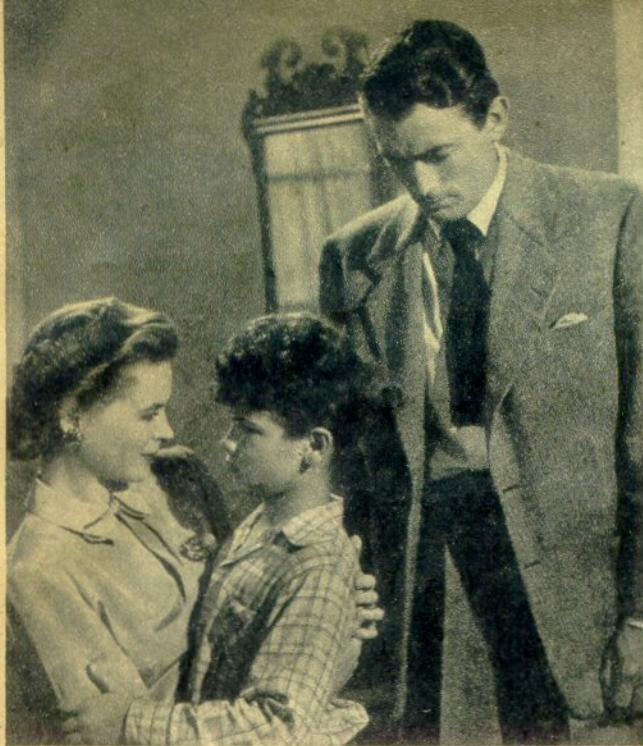
Are you a smooth apple or a

sad sack in company?

A social lion or a mouse?

*Test
Your
Poise*

by CAROL VANCE



Gregory Peck doesn't like what Dorothy McGuire tells Dean Stockwell in this dramatic scene from a not-to-be-missed picture.



That's no nightmare—that's Cornel Wilde! Though what he is doing in Ginger's compartment, she hasn't the faintest idea.



The gang won't let Karolyn join their snowball fight, so angel Grant joins forces with her. Loretta Young, Sara Haden cheer.

MOVIE

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT — Nursery-schoolteacher Kathy (Dorothy McGuire) and writer Phil Green (Gregory Peck) fall in love. When Phil starts working on a series of articles on anti-Semitism, Kathy is embarrassed—because for the sake of his story Phil pretends to be Jewish himself. Phil can't make Kathy realize that her passive attitude is furthering anti-Semitism. Blowup comes when Kathy tells him about the "gentleman's agreement," which prevents her from renting her house in the country to Phil's friend, Dave Goldman, a part admirably played by John Garfield. Gregory Peck and Dorothy McGuire give splendid performances. Celeste Holm, as another magazine writer, nails the problem when she condemns people like Kathy who sound off against prejudice but do nothing to combat it. (20th C-Fox)

IT HAD TO BE YOU—Although Ginger Rogers, as Vicki, gets as far as the altar three different times and with three different men, she never becomes a bride. Seems she can't utter the fatal "I do." So when Vicki orders a fourth bridal gown, her parents are worried. So is her latest fiancé, Ron Randell. Her friends are laying odds on whether she will or will not get through the ceremony. Her parents, and her fiancé, and her fiancé's parents tell her to make her mind up. Vicki tries. She goes off to Maine, works at her sculpturing, sees no one except the girl who poses for her. The month up, she wires Ron "Yes!" En route to New York she has a nightmare, wakes up to find an Indian in the upper berth. *It Had to Be You* is a farce which pokes fun at the rash of psychological films we have had lately. (Col.)

THE BISHOP'S WIFE—Cary Grant plays an angel in his newest picture and he's wonderful. So is the picture. Mr. Grant's angel brings understanding to David Niven, a bishop who thinks his parish needs a huge cathedral, instead of more parishioners to fill the present edifice. Also, the angel brings happiness to the bishop's wife (Loretta Young), his daughter (Karolyn Grimes), his friend (Monty Woolley), his secretary (Sara Haden), his maid (Elsa Lanchester), a cab driver (James Gleason). The film bubbles over with good humor and delightful whimsy. Best: when James Gleason, Loretta Young and the angel go ice-skating in Central Park and fly on their skates. The little bits of business are sheer magic; even to list some of them would rob you of the joy of discovering *The Bishop's Wife* for yourself. (Goldwyn-RKO)

IEWS

by ANITA McGEE, Movie Editor

SO WELL REMEMBERED—American and British artists worked together to produce this memorable film. James Hilton wrote the novel on which the film is based, and his hero is as fine a man as his Mr. Chips. John Mills is a struggling young editor, who gives up a chance to go to Parliament to stay with his friends and neighbors, who need him to lead their fight for better housing. The dream of his life is to wipe out the slums, in which he was brought up. At the end, although his dream is still unrealized, there are a few things Mills can take pride in. There is a playground for children, a free clinic; a beginning has been made. Martha Scott is overwhelmingly effective as Mills' ruthless and cruel wife. Richard Carlson is her son, Patricia Roc the girl who loves him. Trevor Howard is outstanding as Mill's loyal friend. (*Rank; RKO*)



Out of loneliness and pity which he mistakes for love, John Mills asks opportunist Martha Scott to marry him. She agrees.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—“Almost Like Being in Love” might be another title for this movie. Eleanor Parker is a young actress who has an apartment in apartment-hungry New York during the war years. Her best friend (Eve Arden) leaves a no-place-to-put-his-head soldier (Ronald Reagan) on her doorstep, and that's the beginning of a romance that's guaranteed to anyone but a cynic in a soulful mood. Maybe the fact that Eleanor and Ronald are such nice persons has something to do with the movie's charm. We found their antics enchanting, especially Eleanor's method of making two glasses of milk even. As for the brave sergeant, who jumps in fright when Eleanor knocks the ashes out of the ash trays in a furious fit of domesticity, we loved him. And Wayne Morris is wonderful as Eve Arden's friend. (*Warners*)



It's an expensive French restaurant, but the memories it holds are spoiling Eleanor Parker's and Ronald Reagan's zest for supper.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER—Petite Sylvia Sidney returns to the screen in this Agatha Christie mystery. As Cecily Harrington, who wins a fortune through a sweepstakes prize at the turn of the century, Sylvia is courted by a handsome-in-a-sinister-way stranger (John Hodiak). Any girl in her right mind would have suspected something, but Cecily marries him, forsaking her faithful if dull suitor, John Howard. You can guess what will happen, can't you? But, as you watch Miss Sidney pull the play together, you forget that you know what's coming, because she makes it all so plausible. Mr. Hodiak makes a good villain, and creates the desired effect of mounting terror. As Sylvia's friend, who tips off Scotland Yard, Ann Richards is serenely pretty. The well-known actor, Richard Whorf, directed this thriller. (*Eagle-Lion*)

Sylvia Sidney has just unearthed evidence pointing to her husband as a murderer. But, darling, how could you be one? ▶



beauty BUY-words

With Old Man Winter a deadly reality, many a gal's beauty has those winter-time blues. We've shopped for some cold weather beauty aids and added one for sheer glamour. You'll find our suggestions listed below and others throughout the magazine. Prices are approximate and taxes not included.

For lip loveliness, no matter what the weather, acquire the habit of running Fleet's Chap Stick over your smile several times a day. Medicated oils soothe and soften dry, parched skin and the stick fits nicely into your purse. Won't break the bank either at 25c. At drug and department stores everywhere.



Rough, red and chapped hands are never date bait, so treat yours to generous doses of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream for that white-as-the-driven-snow look. Handsome, new dressing table bottle adds a dividend of more lotion than ever before of this all-time favorite. \$1.00 at Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas.



Here's our glamour bid for the girl with straight, stubby eyelashes—that dandy product, Kurlash. In a matter of seconds with no fightin' and fussin', lashes curl upward in a very swish way. And curled fringe, you know, creates the illusion of bigger, brighter eyes. \$1.00, Filene's, Boston, Mass.



Nothing could be finer when you have the sniffles than a dry shampoo for lack-luster locks. Our nomination goes to Minipo, a scented powder that restores hair to its shining best, with the wave intact, in ten quick minutes. Grand pick-up for a last minute date, too. Mitt and 30 shampoos. \$1.00. Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.

DIAMOND IN THE SNOW

(Continued from page 27)

Ward shrugged. "Well . . . perhaps . . . it might be rather foolish."

Nervously, Karen tried to change the conversation's direction. "You're going with us, aren't you—gentlemen?" She stumbled over the last word.

Ward mumbled something about having some business of his own at the lodge. Stevens shook his head and said, "I'd like to, but I think I'll stay here and take a few practice runs on the nursery slopes."

"But you don't need practice!" Karen exclaimed, thinking what an excellent skier he was. "Of course, it's up to you."

"That map," Per was fretting. "It was in my pocket last night when I hid that fake ski pole away in—" He stopped just in time, seeing the faces of both Ward and Stevens turned toward him, too inquisitively. Per pushed his chair back, his glance sweeping over Burt and Betty, Maude and Uncle Charlie. "If everybody's ready, let's go."

To be outside was like escaping into another world, Karen reflected, as she trailed along behind Per and her uncle. The once pleasant lodge was crowded with the disturbing presences of Ward and Stevens. Why had Stevens called Ward "Mr. W" and spoken in that warning voice? Were they both involved in the mysterious doings, each trying to beat the other? If only . . .

Karen sighed. Wishful thinking would get her nowhere. She saw that they had covered over a mile and stopped, realizing that she could no longer hear Betty and Burt chattering behind her. They were not following at all! "Wait," she called up to Per, her uncle, and Maude, who were skiing several rods ahead. "We've lost Burt and—"

A cry cut across her words. Betty.

Immediately, the group skied back toward the voice coming from below a small ridge.

Karen braked to a stop beside the figure huddled in the snow. It was Burt! Betty was standing over him, crying.

"Burt broke his leg!" Betty wailed above Burt's groans. "He caught sight of someone skiing toward Sunshine Pass. He turned off too fast trying to take after the man. . . ."

Burt spoke through clenched teeth. "It was Stevens. And he had three poles!"

Per's glance darted toward Sunshine and then back to Burt. "Uncle Charlie, you know how to make a traction splint out of ski poles. I'll rig up a toboggan by lashing Burt's skis together. Grit your teeth, pal," he told Burt, "and they'll get you down this slope to the lodge in no time."

"They?" Karen said. "What about you?"

Grimly, Per said, "I'm going to track after Stevens. You know what that third pole of his was, don't you?"

Karen nodded, the picture coming clear. But the diamonds were safe in Uncle Charlie's money belt, so what did he want with the empty pole? Why take it to Sunshine Pass?

"Maybe he's trying to get away with the evidence," Maude suggested as she helped Uncle Charlie with the splint.

Per was almost through lashing the ski toboggan together when he looked up at Karen. "Hadn't somebody better ski on ahead to the lodge and call the Ski Patrol? They've got the proper equipment, in case this is a bad break."

(Continued on page 48)

"C'mon...serve those snaps
up faster!"

"can't wait to see!" Fun...and so easy...with Kodak Verichrome Film,
because it takes out the guesswork. You press the button...
it does the rest. That's why it's America's favorite film
by far... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak Film

in the familiar
yellow box



"KODAK" IS A TRADE MARK

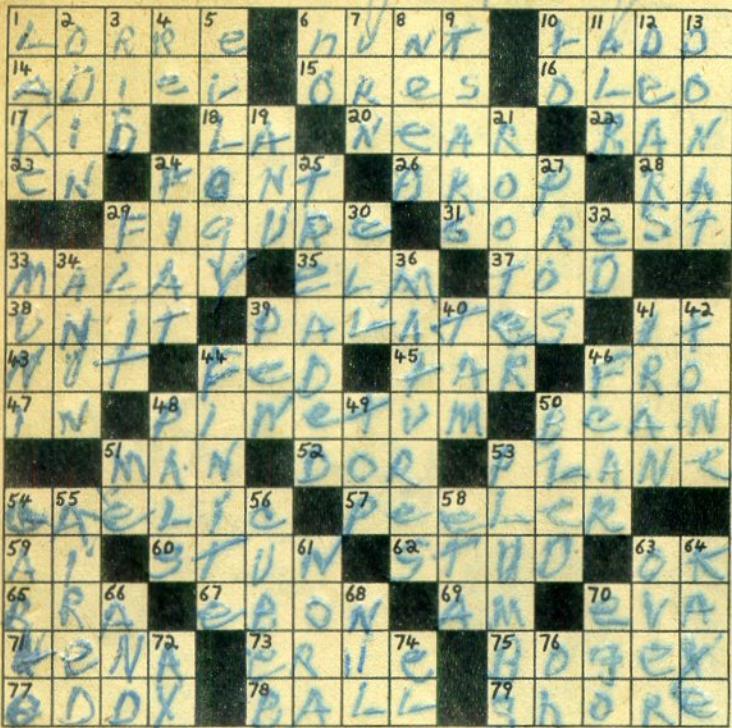
Kodak

PUZZLERS' POST

by BORIS RANDOLPH

The entire border of this cinema-crossword is made up of the last names of movie stars and a movie in which the star appeared is given for each name.

Solution on page 63



ACROSS

- He played in "The Chase"
- She played in "Carnegie Hall"
- He played in "Wild Harvest"
- Farewell
- Metalliferous materials
- Butter substitute
- Young goat
- Musical note
- Close by
- Prohibit
- Type measure
- Basin
- Let fall
- Sun god
- Calculate
- Most painful
- Pertaining to the East Indies
- Tree
- Fox
- One
- Tastes
- Sexless pronoun
- Negative term
- Nourished
- Sailor
- From
- Contained by
- Pine tree plantation
- Legume seed
- Homo sapiens
- Beetle
- Carpenter's tool
- Irish
- Policeman
- Exclamation of distress
- Stupefy
- Buttonlike device
- All right
- Woman's garment
- Black
- Part of the verb *be*
- Girl's name
- Girl's name
- Great Lake
- Hobgoblin
- He played in "Northwest Outpost"
- She played in "Lured"
- She played in "Till the Clouds Roll By"

DOWN

- She played in "Ramrod"
- Wednesday's god
- Disencumber
- Musical note
- Praiseful oration
- Stop!
- Vase
- Require
- Russian rulers
- Behold
- Priest's vestment
- Precious ones
- He played in "Vacation From Marriage"
- Babylonian god
- One who cheers
- Sanction
- Walked
- Those who are for
- To rove on the wing
- Measure of cloth
- Man's name
- He played in "Angel on My Shoulder"
- Soon
- Gets ripe
- Writing instrument
- Scotch cap
- Persia
- He played in "Her Husband's Affairs"
- Having definite limits
- Terror
- Buddies
- Surpass
- Shed vital fluid
- Objective case of "I"
- Fathoms
- He played in "The Hucksters"
- Made public
- Medicinal cigarette ingredient
- Greek letter
- Girl's name
- Finished
- He was in "Secret Life of Walter Mitty"
- With
- Nothing
- Self
- Yes
- Overhead train
- Exclamation of surprise

DIAMOND IN THE SNOW

(Continued from page 46)

"I'll go," Karen volunteered. She hesitated. "Per—please be careful."

"Being careful hasn't got us very far," he said tightly. "From now on, I'm in favor of exploding this whole business so we can have some peace."

There was no time for arguing. Karen gave her skis a push, heading for the small speck that was Superstition Lodge far in the distance. The dark clouds were lower now, more threatening. "Low ceiling," she thought, and remembered the plane droning in what seemed to be the direction of Lost Lake. Another question mark. She slalomed neatly among the trees and then, on the cleared part of the slope, shot down full speed, losing herself in the exhilarating run back to the lodge.

Even before she opened the door to the lodge, she knew that it was deserted, that not only Stevens had gone but Ward as well. As she went toward the wall telephone, a mouse rattled under the floorboards. The noise made her jump. Still, she was glad the men were not there. Especially Ward, with his sullen face and small, gleaming eyes. She rang the Ski Patrol headquarters at Sunshine Pass; then she went to the window to watch for the others.

It was then that she saw the tracks going up toward the woods, following the same general direction of the tracks made by the man who had sent the snow toppling. The tracks wobbled clumsily, showing where the skis had slipped back under inexpert handling. Ward? It couldn't be anyone else. But it was mad of him to start out for Snowline with another storm threatening!

A fine beginning for Uncle Charlie's ski resort if a man were killed right at the outset! She could see the newspaper headlines. Worse than that, she could see Ward suffering alone in some treacherous ravine. No matter who he was or what he was up to, she could scarcely sit here idly, letting him commit suicide. The rest had their hands full, and if she didn't go, Uncle Charlie would insist on trying and he was too old to take another hard trip up those slopes.

"I can scout around a bit," she said aloud. "And then I'll have something to report if we have to call the Ski Patrol in for help."

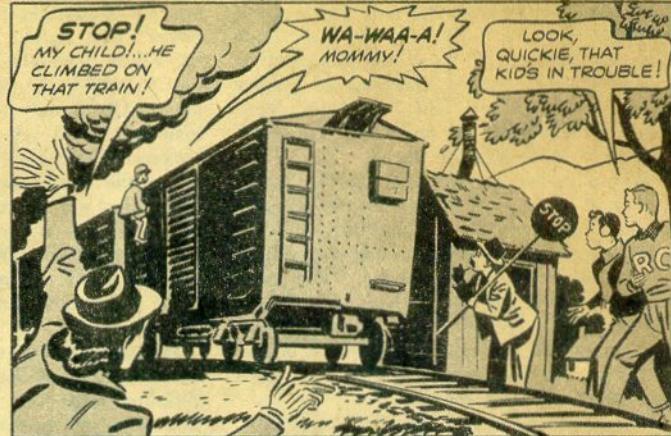
She strapped on her skis and scanned the Lower Cloud slopes for the group she had left. Relieved, she saw them coming slowly over the nearest rise. Then they were lost from view as they swung forward and upward behind the stables. Snow was stinging the air again but she was not worried. Ward was so clumsy that it shouldn't be difficult for her to overtake him quickly.

Even her tough, experienced legs began to ache as she doggedly followed the man's tortuous trail upward. He seemed to have no sense of direction at all. In fact, he had lost his course on Snowline almost altogether. At this rate, she thought, he'll end up miles away at Lost Lake. The storm was growing worse now, the wind snatching at her breath and pushing at her slender figure. With a wry smile, she began to break branches to blaze the unfamiliar trail back to the lodge.

She had reached a deep ravine and was searching hard to pick up Ward's trail again. Surely she must be close to him now. Then,

(Continued on page 50)

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE



DIAMOND IN THE SNOW

(Continued from page 48)

with a cry of triumph, she bent down, peering at the pattern in the snow on the abrupt decline. "Bathtubs!" Ward had gone sliding down on his back, ploughing a ragged trough in his wake. The "bathtubs" were scarcely touched by the new snow. He could be only a short distance ahead.

Determinedly, she skied along the "bathtub trail," swooping down into the gloomy ravine. Then, wearily and painfully, she followed the new path where he had sidestepped up the other side of the ravine. "If I can't see him from the top, that's that," she panted. With a final spurt of energy she came clear of the ravine and stood in the full rush of the wind, shading her eyes against the driving snow.

There was a startled grunt at her elbow. Karen wheeled. "What a chase you gave me!" she exclaimed, pushing toward Ward.

Then she stopped, seeing the paper fluttering in his hands. Per's map! So he had stolen it from Per's pocket! Anger flushed her face. Then she drew back, realizing that Ward had seen her and that the look in his eyes was not one of welcome.

"Where are the others?" he demanded, with fear in his voice.

She shook her head, numbly. "I followed you alone. I was afraid you'd be—hurt."

He slipped the map into his pocket and smiled, a smile as cold as the blade of a knife. "I'm glad you came. It's nice to have company the rest of the way to Lost Lake."

"Lost Lake? I thought it was Snowline . . ."

"You think lots of things wrong, missy. You and that Norwegian boy friend of yours. Okay, I can't wait. Get going."

"But I . . ." The words died in her throat. What an idiot she had been to put herself in this defenseless position, face to face with a man whose every action should have warned her of the danger. Frantically, she tried to think of a way to escape. If she could get a ski off and hurl it at him. . . . Her hand moved down her side.

"That won't do!" he snapped. Something glinted in his gloved hand, its round muzzle staring at her. An automatic.

"Get going," he repeated.

"Listen!" she cried, trying to distract his attention. "Isn't that someone calling—to the south?"

He turned, alarm in his face. At the same instant she thrust a ski pole deep into the snow beside her, leaving only the halo and tip above, the tip pointing like an arrow toward Lost Lake.

"Tricky, eh?" he snarled, prodding her with the gun. He didn't see the ski pole.

Karen skied silently ahead. What if he were only taking her deeper

into the mountains to train the gun on her there? Lost Lake. The name drummed in her brain. The plane. That was the direction in which the plane had seemed to be flying. Oh, if only Per or Uncle Charlie or someone would see the branches she had broken. If only they could pick up her trail before the storm buried it completely. And would they get the message of the ski pole? Or would they never get that far at all—or then too late? Had Ward talked about Snowline deliberately to mislead anyone who had been listening? And where did Arthur Stevens fit in?

Through all her spinning thoughts came the heavy gasp of Ward's breath at her back, mingling with the larger gasps of wind. Useless to try to lead him astray. He had the map. Anyway, she was now utterly confused herself. Confused and helpless.

"To the right," Ward barked finally.

Sagging with fatigue, Karen turned to see the rude cabin ahead of them, its logs and roof almost invisible under the sheltering conifers. A door opened at Ward's triple-knock and a pale-eyed, bearded man stood squinting at them. The pale eyes went over her, then to Ward.

"What's the girl doing here?" the man demanded.

Ward shoved her inside. "She came blundering after me, boss," Ward explained. "She's the old man's niece." He drew back under the other's accusing stare. "I couldn't help it, Holmes. Anyhow, it won't be hard to get rid of her if that's what you're worried about." As though to show off to the man called Holmes just how easy Karen was to handle, he strode to her and seized one of her wrists. "Come on, sister. There's a nice place in this back room for you."

The grip was like iron and when she tried to twist free, her flesh burned. Karen's impulse was to scream, but only the wind

would hear her. She clenched her teeth while Ward dragged her into a cubby-hole adjoining the main room and wound a coarse thong around her hands. Then the crude door slammed behind him and she found herself alone.

Fighting back the tears, Karen tried to think through her panic. How many hours had passed since she had left the lodge? Where was Per? Where was Stevens? She could hear the men talking in muffled tones at first, then Holmes' voice rising in anger. For minutes, she tried to pull her sweating hands free of their bonds but it was useless. If only she could get closer to their voices, at least. As soundlessly as possible, she slid down off the bench Ward had shoved her onto, and crawled toward the door, putting her ear against the wood.

"They're hot on our trail, Holmes," Ward was speaking. "There've been five operatives tailing me. I thought I was in the clear when I grabbed a train for Snowline, thinking I could reach you from there. Could I help it if the train schedules were changed?"

"Fool!" Holmes accused. "You should have laid low."

"We'll all be laying low, in jail, unless the plane landed here last night."

"It landed. Johnnie brought in a mine of rocks," Holmes' chair scraped. Heavy boots paced the floor. "What are you so excited about, Whipple? They've no evidence."

Whipple! Was that why Stevens had called Ward "Mr. W"? Operatives, Ward had said. Detectives were called that.

Ward's voice was panicky. "That's just it. They do have evidence. That pole you lost in the slide. I tried to get it but a young Norwegian there caught me at it."

Ward was up and walking the floor now too. "We got to get the plane going out of here. Where's Johnnie? If he made it in through the storm, he can make it out."

Karen heard the door creak open and Ward yell outside. Another man's voice answered faintly from the direction of the lake.

"What about the girl?" Holmes demanded sharply.

Ward snorted. "Simple as anything. We take her along, give her a nice ride over the mountains and then let her out—without a parachute."

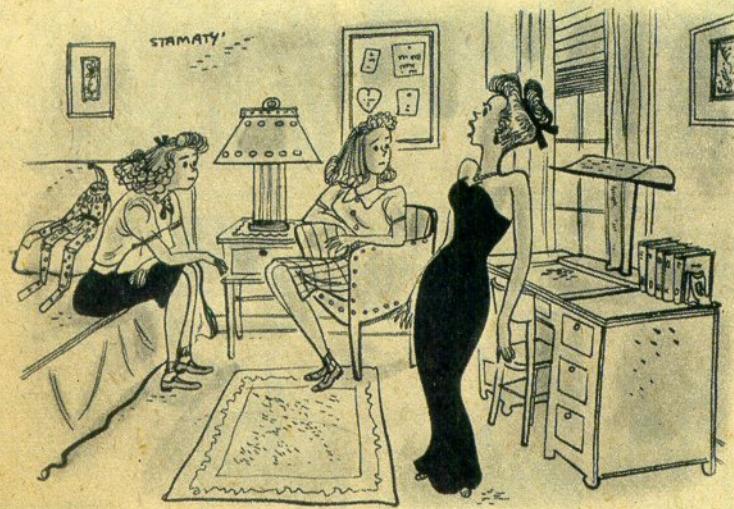
"That's murder," Holmes said.

"What do you want—suicide?"

Karen shrank back against the wall, her spine crawling with fear. Surely the group with Burt had got back to the lodge long ago to find her missing. If only Per had come back, too. He would find her. Per wouldn't let them kill her.

(To be concluded)

UTTERLY FANTASTIC SITUATION #17

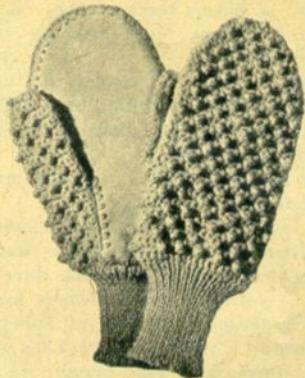


"I thought I'd look cute in pink organdy, but Mother insisted on this black strapless gown."

GAG BY JOANNE SNYDER, WADSWORTH, OHIO

Send in your suggestion for an Utterly Fantastic Situation. If it clicks, our artist will draw the cartoon and you'll get \$1. No gags can be acknowledged or returned.

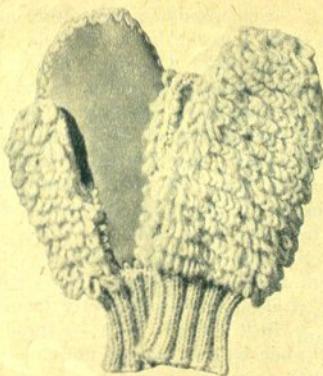
TRUE OR FALSE?



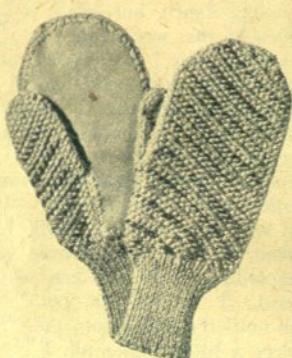
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shoved a piece of paper in front of me. I wrote my name—"Bill Stevens"—in bold, flourishing, and definitely distinctive script. I added, "Loves Yvonne Hamilton." I savored each letter of her name as I wrote it. In parentheses I added, "(madly)." I made the dots on the i's like little hearts and carefully added a seven-petaled daisy under Yvonne's name. Seven is my lucky number and, besides, that way it comes out, "She loves me."

I became aware that the salesman was watching me curiously.

"I'll take it, Yvonne," I said briskly.

He wrapped the pen up, jabbering indulgently, as if he thought he was humoring a maniac. As I walked on, I saw out of the corner of my eye that he kept looking back and forth from me to the piece of paper. Finally he just wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and left the paper there.

"Now there's a man with good taste," I said to myself. "Why shouldn't he display it where everyone can see it?" I pictured my graceful flowing handwriting, the capable-looking slant, the way I made my "H's" that Yvonne thought were "cute."

I thought about Yvonne. Her nose, short and straight and delicate. Her cheeks, soft and smooth, with just a hint of rosy pink. A piece of lace on one of the counters was just the color of her cheeks. I touched it. It was soft, feminine, romantic—just like Yvonne.

"May I help you, young man?"

"Huh?" I looked again and discovered that the lace was attached to a pair of pink, lacy step-ins.

"No thanks," I mumbled, blushing.

I wondered what Yvonne would say if she saw our names written there, together. Then I remembered a conversation I'd overheard between her and some other girl.

"And on the way home Jack carved our initials in the street car," the other girl had said dreamily.

"I don't see what's so romantic about that," Yvonne said. "It always just seems sort of cheap to me."

"Oh, don't say that, Yvonne! Haven't you any romance in your soul? Why, just think, Jack's name and mine together will be immortalized forever—well, anyway, until they get new street cars. . . ."

"Well, I certainly don't think much of any fellow who puts my name where everyone who goes past sees it," Yvonne finished. "After all, I still have my self-respect."

"Among other things," I'd said to myself. I thought of her slim waist, her legs, which were—mmmm—hmmmm! (I sit next to the window during her gym class.)

"What she doesn't know won't hurt her," I convinced myself. And surely it couldn't hurt her reputation any for people to know I was crazy about her. Well, anyway, she was hardly likely to see the "Bill Stevens loves Yvonne Hamilton (madly)." Not in a city of two hundred fifty thousand.

Just to reassure myself, I looked over toward the stationery counter—and choked on my Adam's apple.

Yvonne and another girl were approaching the counter.

I leaned on a mannequin in a purple dress for support.

"I beg your pardon," the mannequin said haughtily and strode away, dragging behind her a little boy who looked at me like he thought I was crazy. I charged like a jet-propelled kangaroo toward the girls, knocking a sack of popcorn out of another little boy's hands.

"Uh, hello, Yvonne," I said casually grabbing them both by the shoulders and whirling them around toward me.

"Oh-h! Why, hello, Bill. Goodness, you nearly swept me off my feet—literally." She smiled and I was hypnotized.

"Uh, well, how about a coke?" I said. "You too," I added generously to the other girl, whom I'd never seen before.

"We-ell, I don't know." Yvonne looked at the other girl. "Fraid not today, Bill. It's getting late and Betty Jean and I have a lot of shopping to do." She smiled again. "I have to get some stationery," she said.

My autograph was still in plain sight.

"Stationery? Glug! Stationery? Well, gosh, they have some swell stationery at the store up the street."

To a Wallflower

by Ina Fay Byous (Age 17)

There you sat, coldly,
Little dreaming that I
Was planning, boldly,
To ask you to be my
Partner in the next dance.

Had your eyes twinkled
A wee bit more brightly;
And your laugh tinkled
At least faint and lightly—
I'd have been in a trance.

But you sat there so sadly
That I turned about,
And seeking a chair, gladly
Sat that dance out.

The clerk glared at me icily.

"Yvonne's awfully particular though," Betty Jean explained. "It has to be pink with seven-petaled daisies on it."

"Seven's my lucky number," Yvonne said, "and that way it comes out 'He loves me.'" She turned around. "See you, Bill," she said over her shoulder. She smiled again, leaving me powerless to move.

"Why, look, here, Yvonne!" Betty Jean exclaimed as she caught sight of it.

"Bill Stevens loves Yvonne Hamilton (madly)." Oh-h!" Yvonne began slowly and ended with a gasp.

This time my heart and my Adam's apple changed places and I took off in the other direction, jumping over a little girl and hiding behind two fat ladies.

I sat down on the floor and tried to get my brain to function normally.

"Is something wrong, young man?" one of the fat ladies said helpfully. "Is there something I can do for you?" She was a sweet motherly-looking woman who undoubtedly had twelve boys my age of her own.

"Do?" I said, getting up. "Yeah, do you

happen to have a seven-petaled daisy on you? Pink, with long black hair and mysterious eyes, and—"

She seemed to wonder for a minute whether I had been bitten by a snake or had escaped from a rest home. Then, she indignantly hurried off.

At the dime store I drowned my sorrows in four cherry Cokes.

It couldn't happen, I told myself. Two hundred fifty thousand people, hundreds of stores, thousands of counters, three hundred and sixty-five days, and Yvonne had to stop at the stationery counter in Toller's today!

I ordered another Coke. Let's think this thing through, I told myself. In the first place, she *might* not get mad at all. But that "Oh-h" had sounded awfully shocked and she *had* voiced her opinion about public display of affection. I ordered two more Cokes.

In the second place, I told myself weakly, she *might* not recognize my handwriting. I thought of the flourishes I'd written—yes, that nice, bold, distinctive writing; the "cute" way I made the "H" in "Hamilton."

I loosened my tie and ordered another Coke. In the third place, maybe she never had given a hang about me. Maybe she'd had a date for the dance for the last week. Nice thought. Not that that mattered now.

As my eyes wandered vaguely around the dime store, I saw a beautiful hunk of long, black, silky hair. Oh—no! Fate must be completely against me today. I finished my Coke in one gulp, slopping it on my tie, threw a half dollar on the counter, and hid behind a post a few feet away from Yvonne and Betty Jean. Of course they would be talking about me, I thought, and I might as well hear the worst now.

Yvonne was giggling. "Bill Stevens loves Yvonne Hamilton (madly)." Don't you think he's awfully good-looking, Betty Jean, even if he is a little crazy? He's so funny—especially when he gets nervous and his hair gets mussed up and he unties his tie."

I yanked indignantly at my tie and tried to brush some of the hair out of my eyes.

"And listen, Betty Jean, Jerry asked me to the dance and I turned him down because I've been hoping Bill would ask me. He's one of those people you can't tell about, and I hardly dared hope he'd want to take me to a big dance, but—well, it just *must* have been he that wrote this, but I certainly can't imagine why." She looked at a piece of paper in her hand and smiled. "That's all the more reason why I'll just *die* if he doesn't ask me." She smiled that fascinating smile again and sighed.

I went into another dime store and ordered a chocolate malt. Double thick. "Jerry" obviously referred to Jerry Phillips, who is just about the most drooled-over boy in the city, according to all the hen sessions I've overheard. I decided to put off asking Yvonne until the day before the dance. Let her worry a little. After all, I'm a man of distinction. Not just anyone.

I took out my red pen with green and brown spots and wrote "Bill Stevens loves Yvonne Hamilton (madly)" on three napkins. I put a seven-petaled daisy under Yvonne's name each time. Seven is my lucky number and it comes out, "She loves me."

SOPHISTICATION

(Continued from page 31)

have a good time. Just remember to act as ultra-ultra as you look. And no jive talk, please. Remember, you are with men of twenty-two, not boys of seventeen."

"Don't worry about me, Cyn. I go to the movies. I can be old and worldly too."

The ringing of the doorbell interrupted and as she took one final look into the mirror, she murmured, "This is it, I guess."

Walking down the stairs, she tried to glance casually at her date. He was not as good-looking as Tommy, but Nancy thought he was attractive enough to be called a very supreme deal. How terribly different from Phil he was! How glad she was to be going out with someone older, more experienced. She knew she would have a good time.

Of course she didn't have anything in common with Bob, she realized after the initial conversation had brought them to a standstill. She couldn't tell him about the new Goodman record she had just bought. But after all, why should she want to talk about those things, when she was trying to outgrow them? There must be other topics they could meet on. After all, she was intelligent, too.

The party was at Joan Flanders' house. As they walked in the door, Nancy's skirt got caught in her sandal, causing her to trip. Perhaps no one had noticed. Oh, but Bob had. His eyes clearly said, "You clumsy child, what a fool you've made of me." Phil would have laughed and teased her to ease the tension. But with Bob it was different.

Once inside, the excitement of meeting Cynthia's friends made her forget the slightly unpleasant incident. Joan, the hostess, cooed, "Why, this can't be little Nancy, Cynthia's kid sister. My, how grown-up you look, dear." Nancy cringed. She was probably annoyed at having someone at her party who was not one of her own crowd.

Nancy wanted to run. How silly—hadn't she wanted to come? The band began playing and couples drifted onto the floor. She regained her composure as Bob asked her to dance. Only then did she realize that her dancing was not like, nor as good as, Bob's. She was a typical jitterbug—"never play a record if it isn't reet" had been her motto. Hers and the gang's. She wished now that they were here. They would make her feel relaxed and natural.

"Oops, pardon me—my fault." That was the third time their feet had become intertwined. And it was her fault. He was nice and polite about it, but glancing up at him, she saw him frantically looking about the room. Looking for somebody to cut, but nobody will, she thought.

"Having a good time, Nancy?" He was smiling at her now, smiling at the little baby. Do you like your green and pink lollipop, that's what he should have asked me, she thought. A bright new lollipop for a good little girl who was tired of her other toys. But now the little girl wanted her toys back—she had tasted the lollipop and she didn't like it, and she wanted her toys.

Later, much later, when she had stepped out of the "smooth" black dress and had flung herself onto her bed exhausted, she began to turn over in her mind the things that had happened that evening. Why hadn't she had a good time? Why? Was she really

as young and naive as Cynthia's friends seemed to think, or was it just that they remembered her in days when she was young and naive? Would she have been any more glamorous and alluring if the people at the party hadn't known her before? Why can't I grow up? she thought. Do I always have to be with Phil and the gang, and act just as young and crazy as they do?

And then suddenly she began to understand, to see that Phil and the rest were not always going to be as they now were. That Cynthia and her friends had all gone through the same stage. It was natural. It was right. And in a few years Nancy would look at Phil and the others and be

surprised, surprised because they had grown up and were as smooth and as charming as Bob and Tommy and Cynthia were.

She reached up and turned out the light, content and happy now, not worried because she was too young for Cyn's crowd, but glad because she had her own crowd. She would be one of them, just as she had always been, until the time came for them all to change, all together.

Her door opened a crack. "Have a good time?" Cynthia's voice whispered.

"Oh yeah, fine time, Cyn. Let's talk about it tomorrow, huh? I need my sleep 'cause the gang is coming over early to hear that new James record I just bought."

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RECORD RATERS

by LEE MORSE, Record Editor

INTRODUCING GORDON MacRAE



When you set out to be a success it helps to have two strings to your bow. Like a rich baritone *plus* acting ability. Those are twin reasons why Gordon MacRae's coming along so fine. Radio, stage, recordings, and now he's signed up with Hollywood, too. So better leave a few blank pages in your MacRae scrapbook to hold the many more press clippings coming up.

"Mac" (and if you've been accenting the last half of his name, don't—the Mac gets its full share) didn't realize his was a double-decker talent when, after finishing at Deerfield Academy seven years ago, he set out for New York on a "Broadway or Bust" safari. He meant to make his mark as an actor.

But when he joined the cast of the Mill Pond, L. I., Playhouse, two things happened. His fellow actors enjoyed his off-stage singing so much they encouraged him to do something about it. And he met Sheila Stevens, one of the cast.

"She didn't like me," Gordon MacRae says. (P.S. She does now. She's been Mrs. Mac for six years.) But she joined in telling him to give his voice a chance.

Same advice his father had given him years ago.

"When you feel like singing, sing," his father told him one time when he heard Gordon giving out with the melody as he

came down the street. "No matter where you are. People like to hear it."

So when he left Mill Pond for Radio City—to guide tourists around NBC studios—that's what Gordon MacRae did. Now and again he'd go off by himself where he wouldn't bother anyone and let that voice go!

Result: He was overheard, he was hustled off to see Horace Heidt, he was signed as featured vocalist with Heidt's dance band.

He toured with Heidt until September, 1942, when he was signed for the part of Tommy Arbuckle in "Junior Miss" on Broadway.

When Frank Sinatra left his CBS sustaining program to go into a commercial show, Gordon MacRae was chosen to replace him. Didn't last long, though—he'd volunteered for the Army Air Force and they whisked him off to be a second lieutenant, ferrying the lead navigator plane for a Troop Carrier Command unit.

Back in civilian life again, he returned to his CBS program and then went to the Broadway musical, "Three to Make Ready," where he had the singing lead. Followed—his "Teen Timers" program over NBC, and a CBS show called "Troubadour-47."

This past summer he began recording for Capitol Records. Mac likes to sing the old standards, he says, and you'll always find them among his recordings. For instance, there's "I Understand," coupled with "I Still Get Jealous"; "Body and Soul" with "A Fellow Needs a Girl." Among his newer ones are "Just One More Chance," "I Surrender, Dear," "I'm Yours," and "At the Candlelight Café."

When we talked with him up in the Capitol studios he had just returned from Hollywood, where he had signed a seven-year contract with Warner Brothers, and was making plans to move his family west. The MacRaes have two daughters, Meredith, who is three and a half, and Heather Alison, who just graduated to a one-candle cake. "Family" to Gordon MacRae also means Cinder, the King Charles spaniel, and Butch, the cat. He has high hopes of finding a lovely spot to build out in Hollywood, and that house is going to be a real home.

MUSICAL RAINBOW

Colors of the rainbow are favorite song topics, and there are many popular song titles that mention a color. See if you can get a perfect score on this quiz. I'll give you the color; you name the song:

Blue
Green
Brown
Red

Purple
Black
Lilac

(Answers on page 58)

I RECOMMEND TO YOU . . .

Frederic Chopin, His Story and His Music, narrated by the familiar voice of Arnold Moss (Vox), was recorded especially for teen-agers. Besides being musically instructive, this album is interesting and very beautiful.

Ask Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton, or Mel Tormé their favorite piece of music and the answer will unanimously be, "Daphne and Chloe." That's their version of Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloe, Suite One* which the San Francisco Symphony has recorded (RCA-Victor). This is an album the whole family will enjoy for a long time.

If you've heard *The Whistler*, a mystery show on the radio, you'll recognize the whistled theme recorded on the (Capitol) disc of the same name. Sam Donahue gives the new tune a catchy arrangement, backed by the famous Indian song *Red Wing*.

If you're a Jimmy Durante addict, you'll know that he's the only one around today who could be *The Guy Who Found The Lost Chord* (MGM). This platter is a typical Durante and delightful. Play it when you have the gang over for an evening.

Some time ago, four very fine pianists banded together to become America's First Piano Quartet. RCA-Victor has signed, sealed, and finally delivered this quartet playing the *Second Hungarian Rhapsody* on two sides of a twelve-inch disc. The Rhapsody is played with finesse and grandeur and is thoroughly enjoyable platter matter.

Pass That Peace Pipe is a new novelty that's going to set your ears on fire. It's tricky, it's catchy, it's nutty. Beryl Davis, England's gift to the States (ask the fellows about that) gives the melody and lyrics the right swing and sway and assures RCA-Victor a sure-fire hit.

ADDED ATTRACTIONS:

Intermezzo and *Laura*—Paul Weston and Orchestra (Capitol)

They're Mine, They're Mine and I Told Ya I Loved Ya—The Soft Wings (Majestic)

Two Loves Have I and I Never Loved Anyone—Perry Como (RCA-Victor)
Those Things Money Can't Buy and *Now He Tells Me*—King Cole Trio (Capitol)

Civilization and *Those Things Money Can't Buy*—Ray McKinley (Majestic)
A Tune For Humming and *My Blue Heaven*—Eddy Howard (Majestic)



WHAT SINISTER SECRETS LURKED in the SHADOWS of THUNDERBOLT HOUSE?

What grim fate awaited its new occupants? What was behind the bloodstain on the ballroom floor? Were the "lucky" Allens really lucky, or were they all destined to inherit doom as well as fortune?

Every Book a Winner

THUNDERBOLT HOUSE

by Howard Pease

A huge, bleak mansion with a past as ominous as the eerie cry of a banshee is the setting for a gripping tale packed with suspense.

It thrillingly describes the actions of a brave 16 year old who defied the fates to solve a bewildering mystery.

HULL-DOWN FOR ACTION

by Armstrong Sperry

The dense, dark jungles of the unexplored valleys of Guadalcanal are enough to stop most white men—but Judd Anders and his three companions pushed on.

In a fast-moving adventure tale, hostile Japs, sudden mutiny, a savage native queen and the grueling tropic heat combine to fashion one of the most exciting stories ever told.

HAUNTED AIRWAYS

by Thomson Burtis

Mystery and intrigue in the fabulous future! Thousand passenger airplanes, rocket ships hurtling through space faster than sound, great airdromes built high over New York, are the scenes of blazing adventure.

Read how Jeff Donaldson, youthful holder of the round-the-world speed record solves the mysterious puzzle of forced landings and crack-ups over the wastes of the Mojave Desert in the world of 1985.

THE BRASS KEYS OF KENWICK

by Augusta Huell Seaman

The huge brass keys conspicuously carried by the eccentric old lady opened more than doors—they held the secret of the strange, weird past and solved the mystery of the puzzling present.

Audrey, a young art student braves unseen perils to unravel the mystery of a ghostly old house filled with valuable antiques.

THE FRONT PAGE MYSTERY

by Graham M. Dean

Only a newspaperman could have written this thriller which has the city room of a great newspaper on the scene of tense excitement—and Graham Dean is a reporter of wide experience. He has woven a yarn of mystery and suspense which sets young Bob Merritt in the center of a series of weird events.

While taking his uncle's place as managing editor, he becomes the victim of strange happenings. Arson, mysterious disappearances and other crimes pile up in quick succession.

THE GRAND COULEE MYSTERY

by Reed Fulton

A young man's ambition to study civil engineering is thwarted by the cruel murder of his grandfather and the theft of a fortune paid by the government for land on which to build the great Colorado River Dam. Determined to find the culprits, he becomes a laborer on the dam project and is involved in an even greater mystery.

Plots, counter-plots, clues and fierce hand-to-hand struggles follow in quick order to shape a sensational story.

You'll find out when you read THUNDERBOLT HOUSE by Howard Pease in this new—

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THE NIGHT, THE GIRL AND THE JALOPY

(Continued from page 7)

before she could launch into the scolding he half expected, Barry quickly unfurled a large roll of paper drawings with which his pocket had been bulging.

"Here are the plans, Mom," he said excitedly. "Look what she'll be like when I—"

"Silly," his mother said. "I can't see in the dark. Come on in the kitchen and show me. I'm from Missouri."

While his mother poked into pans on the stove, Barry unfolded several pieces of typewriter paper, laden with pencil drawings, and spread them lovingly across the top of the kitchen table. His mother came and bent over his shoulder to look. He didn't really expect her to understand. Parents were notably unimaginative. But he hoped the enthusiasm in his voice might convey more than his inadequate drawings did. Though she might not be able to see the finished product as he did, she might possibly catch on to how much the thing meant to him. To own his own car at last! And what a bus!

"You see," he caroled happily, "here's where the heater goes. The radio here. And this is the aerial. And look at the fenders. Aren't they dillies?"

"Dillies, indeed," she agreed. "It has possibilities, as they say about houses, but there will be a great deal of work to do. And what," she asked, "is your intention regarding this so-called car once you have accomplished making it into a car, which seems doubtful to my dull mind?"

Barry folded up his drawings unhappily. It was useless, you couldn't make them see. But he'd show them yet, he would. He lurched out of his chair and regarded the large calendar on the inside of the back door with a calculating eye.

"Well," he said, "this is the 18th of October. Our Winter dance at school is on the last day of January, and I'm going to have her in shape for that."

"You mean that your infatuation for cars has become so deep that you are taking a Buick to a dance instead of a girl?"

Barry looked as scornful as it was possible for anyone with such a short nose to look. "I'm taking the Buick and a girl."

"Who?"

"Hank."

"Hank is short for what? And is there another name?"

"Henrietta, of course," said Barry with great patience. "Her last name is Martin and she lives in Westport. Anything else?" he inquired politely.

"Yes," his mother replied. "Why is it suddenly necessary to work yourself into a lather to achieve the well-nigh impossible; to furnish a chariot for this particular Cinderella?"

Barry inspected his fingernails. "Because," he said, "Pete Williams has a model A and it has everything. It has a horn that plays 'How dry I am,' another horn that plays 'The Volga Boatmen,' and one that just says 'Beep.' It's got six wheels, six lights counting two tails and a fog light and a beam light. It's got a radio, heater, windshield defroster and seven raccoon tails and an American flag. It's smooth and it's sharp and Hank loves that car like it was her own."

"So you wish to produce something dreamier for her to love. But wouldn't it be more sensible to transfer her affections in some way to yourself? I'm sure you are more dependable than that thing in the backyard. After all, if a car breaks down, love can die quickly. Whereas if you break down, you inspire a solicitude that is allegedly akin to love."

"That's all too deep for me," said Barry simply. "All I know is that 'that thing in the backyard' is going to be something out of this world when I get done. And Hank is going to fall for it like a tree in a wind-storm."

In the time that followed, there was a great deal of grease on the bathroom towels and under Barry's fingernails. There was very little homework of an academic nature and there was an unwonted amount of social life in the Whitneys' backyard. Nearly every day one or more of Barry's cronies would drive into the yard with bales of sheet metal or stacks of outsize tires stowed in the backs



of their jalopies and the thumpings and hammerings from the vicinity of the garage were constant and determined.

Finally, the day of the dance arrived and, with his chariot panting to play Cupid in all its fire-engine glory, Barry put the finishing touches on himself. Slicking his hair carefully over his head, he stared benignly at the reflection that stared benignly at him. Satisfied at last that he was a fitly handsome pilot for his handsome car, he stumbled down the kitchen stairs and out the back door. He found his mother standing beside the dreamboat, inspecting it curiously.

"Nice," she admitted. "But what about a windshield? Won't it be drafty?"

"Couldn't get one," Barry said briefly. "But it's all right. I'm taking a couple of blankets. Besides, the heater works."

"Yes, but what chance does it have against all outdoors?" Mrs. Whitney inquired.

Barry ignored that one and with an airy, "Guess I'll blow," heaved himself into the homemade seat.

"All right," his mother said. "But, Barry, call me when you get to Hank's. Just so I'll know. You can reverse charges."

It was two full hours before Barry got a chance to call his mother and when he did, he had all he could do to keep his grief from showing. Everything had gone so beautifully. The dreamboat had actually survived the trip to Westport. With some minor delays, to be sure, but that didn't worry him. What really fouled up the situation was that he found Pete Williams, minus his car, true, but complete with sardonic eye, at Hank's, ready and willing to horn in on Barry's date.

"Pete's going to ride over with us," Hank explained. "He's loaned his car to his brother for the night."

"Oh, fine," was the best that Barry could muster. Then he went to call his mother.

"Mom," Barry said, trying to concentrate on things to be happy about, "I made it. I'm here and we're leaving for the dance. And Mom," he added in a sibilant whisper, "she thinks the dreamboat is wonderful!"

"But what took you so long?" Mrs. Whitney wailed. "It's only a half-hour's drive over there and you've been gone two whole hours!"

"Flat tires," Barry said loftily. "Nothing much, really. Had six."

"Six flat tires," his mother said weakly. "But Barry, there are only four wheels on the car!"

"I know," he replied. "Two went flat twice. Look, Mom, I gotta go now."

"All right, dear," she said. "Thanks for calling and I hope you won't have any more trouble."

But his mother's hope didn't even begin to be a reality. His car died just exactly halfway between Westport and New Canaan at half-past nine that night, and not even the knowing and loving surgical hands that Barry applied could bring it back to life.

What Barry would have, in a lighter moment, termed "the snafu" would have been hard enough to bear under ordinary circumstances, but with Pete Williams—the proud possessor of a car that ran—in tow, his tongue all too ready with venomous barbs, it was hideous in the extreme.

"Ah, why don't you get a horse," Pete said biting, while Barry was still messing hopefully under the hood. "Or a bicycle built for three. At least we'd get somewhere."

Barry was quite beyond answering him.

After three-quarters of an hour during which every iota of his mechanical knowledge had been tried and had failed, Barry knew himself to be a ruined man.

"Hank," he said regretfully, "gee, I'm sorry. But why don't you and Pete go on to the dance? You can hook a ride, maybe, and I'll come along later if I can get this thing started."

"Good idea," Pete said with such complaisance that Barry wondered briefly if Pete could possibly have engineered the breakdown. "Best idea you've had, my lad," he added, and, turning to Hank, he said, "Come on, Hank. Leave us get going."

Something tightened around Barry's heart as he watched Hank's mouth forming words to reply. If she hadn't looked so lovely in her new white evening dress; if she hadn't had such a breathtakingly soft, red mouth with which to say what he knew she had to say, it wouldn't have been so hard for Barry. But she did and it was. And for the second

before she spoke Barry felt he could not watch her face as she said it. So he turned away.

But he turned back again quickly and a smile lit his whole face. For she had said, clearly and distinctly, "No, Pete. You go. I'll stick with Barry. After all, he's my date." Of course, it was only loyalty, pure and simple, and Barry knew he ought to argue the point, to insist that she go with Pete. But just this once, his heart said, Let me keep my mouth shut. So he said nothing. And Pete left them, and he and Hank sat silently on the running board wondering what to do.

"It's a no-good deal," Barry said into the frosty January night. "You should have gone with Pete. Or, better still, we should have taken his car."

"It's all right," Hank said quietly, but Barry heard the sadness in her voice and he knew it wasn't all right. Somehow he would have to get her to that dance. Or home. They couldn't just sit this way on a stalled car. But what could he do? He didn't have the price of a taxi even if he'd known where to call one to this remote spot. And Pete had taken the only ride that had gone by in nearly an hour. Barry groaned inwardly, knowing that he should have sent Hank off with Pete.

"Old 'get-a-horse' Pete!" Barry murmured angrily, half to himself. Get a horse, indeed. Why . . . And then the idea exploded in his brain! Why not get a horse? By golly, Minturn's stables were on this very road and old man Minturn knew Barry well enough to charge it to him, and anyway it wouldn't be half as expensive as these country taxis at three dollars a clip. Why, he could get a horse and buggy for no more than a dollar at the outside, and they would get to the dance after all. He grabbed Hank's hand.

"Come with me," he said and led her toward lights he could see through the trees.

It was just there that Barry's luck began to change, and about time, too, he thought. The occupants of the house he and Hank approached were very polite and sympathetic and didn't object at all to his using the phone. Minturn chuckled on the telephone when Barry explained his plight and added to his, "Why, sure," the unsolicited information that he "always did say them mechanical gadgets ain't no use at all when broke." And Barry was able to leave Hank in the friendly care of the people in the house while he walked the half-mile to Minturn's to fetch the horse and buggy. He remembered, too, to stop by at the stranded dreamboat for a blanket on the way back and for this feat mentally slapped his own back.

It took an hour to drive the five miles remaining to the New Canaan schoolhouse, but Barry couldn't remember that he'd ever spent a happier hour in his life. If anyone had told him the day before that he could possibly be content with the next to slowest mode of transportation known to man for even an hour, he would have thought him wacky. But he discovered what his forbears had known so well—that there is definitely something to be said for a quiet, ambling vehicle on a moonlit night, especially when an exceedingly pretty girl is snuggled beside you on the seat, under the same robe.

In short, what had looked like black disaster had turned into what Barry was mel-

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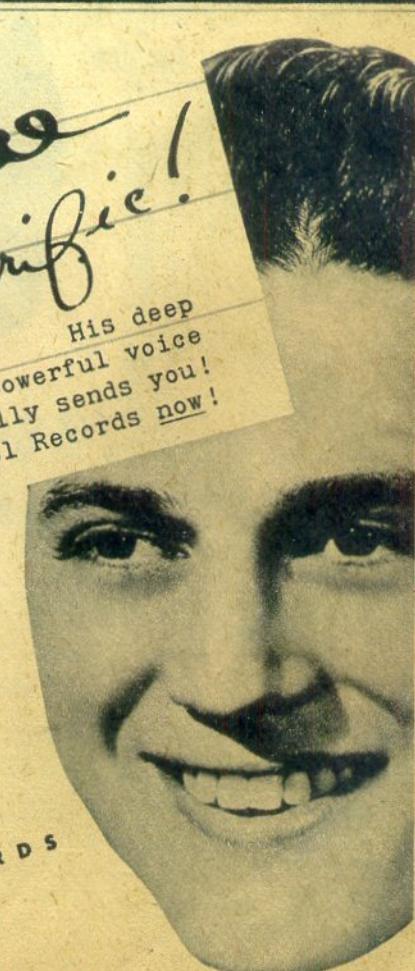
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loured enough by the ride to call a "lark," and he was spirited enough by the experience to reply to Pete Williams' sarcastic, "So you made it," with round-syllabled innocence.

"Certainly. You said get a horse, so we did."

Lulled into a false sense of security by the fact that, instead of the catcalls of derision he expected from his schoolmates, he found there was grudging admiration in their whoops of greeting, he didn't even notice that the cloud of calamity he'd been struggling under all evening was still with him. Hopping happily around the floor with Hank in his arms, he failed to notice that the wolf pack was closing in, with Pete Williams well in the lead.

With the ominous sound of the word "cut" in his ear, Barry relinquished Hank to Pete with a sigh and retired to the stag line to sweat out the shortest possible decent interval until he could cut back. When he did, the beauty of the night faded and he saw right away that snafu had set in again. Pete immediately informed him.

"Look, Barry. I'm calling my brother to bring my car over here so I can take Hank home. It'll take centuries in that contraption you brought her in. It's a favor I'm doing you."

"Yeah," Barry said, watching Hank's face and trying to keep his heart from making a crash landing. Because Hank had that dewy-eyed look she always got about Pete's car.

Obviously, her loyalty to Barry as her date had been paid in full by the buggy ride and there was nothing more he could expect. Somehow he got through the fog of despair

that was the rest of the evening and managed to say goodnight to both Hank and Pete with a cordiality that spoke highly for his histrionic abilities.

Morosely, bent almost double in the single seat of the buggy, Barry stared into the darkness ahead, listening partly to the creaking of the ancient wheels and partly to his own voice as he talked to the horse.

"We were so happy, too, Dobbin. That's what hurts. Why, I gave her the best months of my life, building the dreamboat. And just because one little thing goes wrong, once, and the thing won't go, she goes off into the night with Pete. Never put your faith in a woman, Dobbin, they'll sell their souls for a mess of raccoon tails every time."

Home, he unhitched Dobbin, whose name was probably Charlie, stabled him in the garage, and sadly went to bed.

His mother was basting the Sunday roast when Barry slid downstairs at eleven the next morning.

"Hi," she said. "Have fun?"

Barry poured cereal in a bowl and mumbled, "Went home with Pete. Got his brother to bring the car for them."

"Who? You? Hank?" his mother asked in short, exasperated syllables. And added, "Barry, for heaven's sake, make sense!"

"Hank, of course," he said miserably.

His mother grieved for only a moment. Then she said, "Possibly I don't realize good, but isn't what I see in the vicinity of our garage a buggy? Am I allowed to ask how this acquisition on your part came about? Am I permitted to know what became of that large and beloved creation of yours, namely,

the dreamboat you left in last night?"

Barry ran fingers through his tumbled hair. In his voice there was a vast weariness. "Stalled," he explained. "Minturn rented us a horse and buggy. That's how we got to the dance. But Pete said it would take too long to drive Hank home in it, so he took her. In his bee-yoo-tiful car."

"So," his mother nodded. "You now have the small matter of a horse to return and a car to tow. Do you know how much tow trucks cost, Barry?"

"Yeah," he nodded, munching. "I'll pay you back."

"You never have yet," his mother said mildly.

Barry's head lifted suddenly like a dog's with a fresh scent. A dull roar in the distance that had in it intermittent sputters rang like a clarion in his ears.

"Ho-lee," he said, pushing his chair back so suddenly that it fell over. "Sounds like something."

"It does indeed," his mother agreed and went with him to look out the front window.

Coming up the road, under its own questionable power, was the dreamboat, with Hank at the wheel. Grinning and waving to them, she drove into the Whitney driveway and stopped three feet behind the buggy.

Barry dove out the door to meet her and "Hey" was all he could say.

"Since I am the first woman to cross the plains of Westchester in a 1924 Buick, no doubt you want to know how I did it," Hank said blithely, jumping down from the car.

"Sure," Barry said. "But you didn't fix it yourself. If you did I'll break your head. Because then you could have fixed it last night."

"In my new evening dress?" she inquired. "No, of course I didn't fix it. It was Dad. You see, he knows all about cars and I knew he could fix it. That's why I rode home with Pete last night. So I could get Dad to take me out and fix it this morning early. And then I could drive it over to you, see?"

Barry did see. But for once he was embarrassed. "But, dimwit; you don't have to go around picking up my pieces."

"I know it, goon," she said. "The thing was I couldn't wait to ride in the dreamboat again."

Her eyes traveled lovingly from stem to stern of the big, homemade car and Barry's breath caught when he saw the starry look in her eyes. "How's about we take a ride in her?" he asked huskily.

But Mrs. Whitney had come out of the house and she heard him. "Hello, Hank," she said casually. "Barry, you take that horse and buggy back before you set foot off this property."

"Who doesn't make sense?" Barry howled ecstatically before he climbed in the buggy and directed Hank to the driver's seat of the car. "Follow me," he shouted as he led the way, seated proudly in the buggy, at about five miles an hour, down the road.

You love the fashion



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ANSWERS TO MUSICAL RAINBOW

(in Record Raters, page 54)

Blue—My Blue Heaven, Blues in the Night, Under a Blanket of Blue; Green—Green Eyes; Brown—Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair, Little Brown Jug; Red—Red Silk Stockings and Green Perfume; Purple—Deep Purple; Black—Black Magic; Lilac—Lilac Time.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

(Continued from page 34)

Mrs. McIntire: This is a touchy situation. I don't at all agree that a boy's mother should go with you on dates. However, in fairness to the boy you should be understanding, as it must be as awkward for him as for you. Your only solution, as I see it, is to be so thoughtful and nice to the mother that she will feel it's unnecessary for her to go along to watch over her son.

Peggy: If the boy has any backbone at all, he will tell his mother in a nice way that that sort of thing isn't done, and that it's embarrassing to him as well as the girl. But if he won't, I'd stop seeing him.

How old do you think a girl should be before she starts dating boys?

Mrs. McIntire: That depends greatly on the individual girl. Generally, I think she should be at least 16 before she goes out with a boy alone. Before that, in my opinion, it's better for young girls and boys to attend parties in groups.

Peggy: I think it's a good idea for boys and girls to go to movies and parties in groups from the time they are children, but I don't believe they should date boys alone until they are at least 15.

How can you break off with a boy without hurting his feelings after going steady with him?

Mrs. McIntire: This is another instance when it depends on the individual case. You could break off gradually by finding excuses when he asks you to go out. On the other hand, it might be kinder to tell the boy frankly that you don't want to go steady with anyone at this time.

Peggy: Here, again, diplomacy is needed. I would tell the boy that while you still like him and would like to see him, you don't want to go steady with anyone while you're so young. Assure him that it isn't anything personal against him and you would like to date him. But that you would also like to go out with other boys.

The other young people in my town think I'm queer and snobbish because all I'm interested in is art. I want to be a great artist some day. I don't want to be left out of all the fun but that's what's happening. What should I do?

Mrs. McIntire: Your desire to be a great artist is very commendable, but don't lose sight of the fact that an artist should know and understand people. Try not to appear "arty" with your friends, but take an interest in what they are doing. If you cut yourself off from the fun to be had with people your own age, you will leave yourself open for a great deal of unhappiness.

Peggy: I think you could use your artistic tendencies to further your own popularity. You could make clever posters when they are needed for school affairs, and could help decorate the gym or hall where dances and parties are given. If your school puts on plays, perhaps you could design the clothes. I would be careful never to let people think you feel you are superior to them in any way. You can study art without letting it take up your whole life.

Tricks for TEENS



SHOWCASE ENVELOPES—Here's a wonderful way to keep your blouses and sweaters neat and trim in your bureau drawer. Buy transparent plastic material by the yard and make envelopes—15 inches long and 12 inches wide is a good all-around size—and bind them with colored bias tape. Put one or two garments in each envelope and you won't have to plough through your drawer to find them. It's a nifty gift idea too.

Pat Tucker, Massey, Ontario

THRIFTY AND NIFTY—If your pullover is too snug, change it into a cardigan. Slit the sweater down the middle of the front and sew on two strips of grosgrain ribbon of contrasting or matching color. Sew on buttons and make buttonholes. The easiest way is to buy the ribbon that has buttons and buttonholes already on it. There are lots of colors to choose from and most notion counters carry it!

Evie Cruciani, Trenton, N. J.

If the sleeves of one of your dresses wears out and the rest of the dress is still in good condition, buy a yard of suitable printed or plain material and replace them with dolman sleeves.

Pauline Dubois, Montreal, Quebec

FAVORITE FAVORS—Pine cone birds make amusing party favors and your guests will love them. Collect medium-sized, well-shaped pine cones, some pipe cleaners, bits of red ribbon, tips of either chicken or turkey feathers and some small flat pieces of wood for the bases. Bend one pipe cleaner in the profile of a bird's head and glue it to the stem end of the cone. If you're making hens, roosters or turkeys, use the red ribbon for combs and wattles. Glue the tip ends of feathers to the other end of the cone for the tail and make the legs with another pipe cleaner. Stick the tops of the legs in between the cone petals and fasten the feet to one of the small wooden bases.

Judith McDonough, Denver, Colo.

ON THE BAG—To brighten up fabric pocketbooks use gaily colored yarns and embroider circles, one inside the other, on the outside of the pocketbook using the chain stitch. Do the same with your beanie or beret. It's most attractive when you use a rainbow range of colors.

Margaret Manzer, Trenton, N. J.

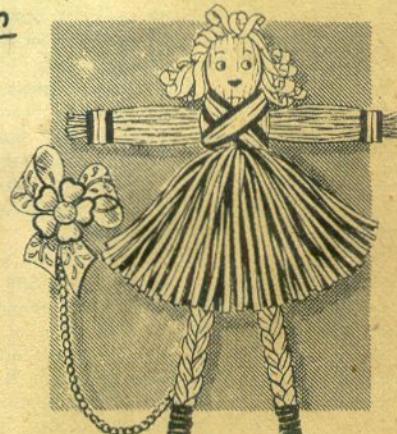
\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published.

As we said before, we want new and different tricks but the pickings have been mighty slim of late because a lot of them have been the same old thing. We know you have lots of "know how" so how about trying for some new ideas? Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 260 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS and cannot be acknowledged or returned.

HEY LOOK! These "make ém yourself" do-dads are really rave stuff

On the left . . . DINAH . . . so easy to make, so cute to wear. On the right . . . POLLY PIN-ON . . . a Teen Swagger number that will make your friends buzz you like mad! Both ideas are from JUDY'S TEEN TOPICS

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Want to subscribe for a year . . . 12 issues . . . of TEEN TOPICS? Costs only two bits. (Yes, we accept stamps!)

HOW TO MAKE A COLLEGE ENTRANCE

(Continued from page 33)

time, don't expect him to make up your mind for you. He can get aptitude tests for you which may indicate where your skills lie, and he can give you advice, but the rest is up to you.

You can do a lot for yourself, more than any other single person can do. You can speak to people in various professions and fields of business that interest you. Personal contact and interview are important. Who knows—you might be talking to the editor of a newspaper whose friend is on the faculty of a journalism school, or after a confab with Dr. Rogers you might decide that medicine isn't the field for you after all. Or—you might be more certain than ever before that it is! Your school nurse may suggest a good school for nurses that may have escaped the attention of your grade advisor. Talk up, and chalk up; you can't lose.

Above all, don't work yourself into a frazzle just because you don't know what to make your chosen field. Some people never decide until they're in their last year of college. Besides, during the first two years in any college everyone takes required general courses. Specialization comes later.

You Must Apply Early

All right, let's assume that you're a junior in high school, in other words the class of '49. You should go to your guidance teacher and on his advice, write the registrars of various colleges for application blanks. Your guidance teacher will help you to fill them out and return them to the college where they will be put on file.

You don't stop there. You have your application in, and in plenty of time, too, you're sure. But early in your senior year, you will follow all this up with a letter reminding the Board of Admissions that you filed your application the preceding year.

This is a two-way precautionary measure. First, your application might have become lost or misplaced, and secondly, the board may want additional information filled out to make your application completely active. The fact still remains that you applied early and should be near the top of the list.

If your average is good and if the personality rating your teachers give you is favorable, you will be called for a personal interview. This personal interview is an indication that the college is seriously interested in you, and in some instances it is almost a sure sign that you will be accepted.

Notice that term, *personality rating*. You fill out only part of the application. The rest is filled out by your teachers who score you on appearance, cooperation, leadership, character, integrity, and so forth.

So far most of the emphasis in this article has been placed on the juniors. It is assumed that you who are members of the class of '48 will take the same steps *immediately* if you haven't already done so. Time in your case is really at a premium. The school year is still young, and a prompt application now will make your chances for college still good.

In deciding which college you would like to attend, there are several factors to take into consideration: money, scholarship, standards, and type of college.

Money seems to rear its ugly head almost

everywhere—in colleges, too, unfortunately. If your funds are limited, it's well to investigate and compare the different colleges from the financial point of view—or to put it more precisely—the tuition and room-and-board point of view. State colleges in New York State are teachers' colleges only, but Ohio, Pennsylvania, Florida and many others have state universities. If your state has a college or university, make the most of the advantages it offers you.

If there is a college in your home town, then naturally you can live at home and save on dormitory room and board expenses. Or, if you are planning frequent trips home during the course of the year, don't pick a college so distant that it will cost you a small fortune each time.

The next gremlin is scholarship standards. If you have over an 85 average in all subjects, you should have no difficulty. However, the closer your average is to the 99 and 44/100 mark, the bigger and better your chances. There are some colleges, however, that will admit students on a 75 per cent

teacher without going to a teachers' college. But first let's distinguish between a college and a university.

A college is a school which offers a liberal arts course or specializes in one profession and can give only a bachelor's degree. For example, New York State College at Albany, New York, specializes in preparing boys and girls to be teachers, and teachers only. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute specializes in preparing people for various phases of engineering. Radcliffe College, a regular liberal arts school, gives a bachelor's degree in education. On the other hand, a university is a group of colleges. For instance, Columbia University has a School of Education, a School of Medicine, a School of Law, a School of Engineering, a School of Dentistry and so forth—in addition to offering a general liberal arts course. Therefore, a teacher, a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, and a dentist can all be graduated from Columbia University. In other words, a university is a collection of colleges in much the same way that a village is a collection of houses.

A junior college differs completely. As a rule, a junior college consists of two-year courses although there are some three-year exceptions. It cannot offer a degree, but does issue a certificate of graduation. Some people go to a junior college because it acts as a kind of finishing school and that is all they want; some people go because they want further education but not four years and a full degree. Others attend a junior college with the intentions of transferring at the end of that time to an accredited college.

Your College Guide

Still pretty much at sea about what school to choose? The "Guide to Colleges, Universities and Professional Schools" published by the American Council on Education, 744 Jackson Place, Washington 6, D. C., gives lots of valuable information about different types of institutions, their courses of study, tuition fees, dormitory facilities, degrees offered, special rules and regulations, and much more. You'll probably find that your school counselor has a copy, and will let you use it in deciding on your college-to-be.

If you have the faintest idea that you might want to attend college, your safe bet is a college entrance or academic course throughout high school. Make sure you're taking enough math, science, and language courses before you attempt the electives. Don't let yourself be like one girl who graduated valedictorian of her class and couldn't get into college because somewhere along the line she hadn't taken plane geometry. To err is human, and principals and guidance teachers are human. It's up to you to see that in your case they don't err.

If you keep in touch with the proper authorities from time to time, mistakes like the above will never happen, and the latest information will be at your fingertips. Nothing on this earth is certain, and at this time of your life, least of all college. A policy might vary at a moment's notice. The college that accepts on the basis of school marks today might demand that its prospective students take college admission exams tomorrow. You never know!

JABBERWOCKY AND JIVE

PROM DATA

MONDAY

Wanted: One boy
Tall and dark,
Must own a jalopy;
In dress
Never sloppy.
A bid to the prom
When it
Comes along;
An orchid corsage
And some new
Persiflage.

WEDNESDAY

Would like: Any male
However weak.
That he can dance
Is what I seek.
As to the car, it's
Not a must—
As matters stand
I'll get there or bust.

PROMDAY

Any date
Will rate.

average in all subjects. It's never wise to aim for the minimum. A little more concentration on your subjects, and you can pull your average up.

As to types of colleges, there are three main groupings: teachers' colleges, regular liberal arts colleges, and junior colleges. Teachers' colleges give a regular four-year course which prepares you for either high school or elementary school teaching depending on the college you attend. Because state teachers' colleges are tuition free, they have a huge application list, their scholarship rating is high, and they can afford to be choosy. It's also possible to become a

THEY LEFT

Calling
CARDS



Twin boys of ten, and a son very much the counterpart of Barry in her story, *The Night, the Girl, and the Jalopy*, are three reasons why **Maryland Newcomb** likes to write about young people.

Others are that she likes "their candor . . . their poise, which has in it a great deal of courage; and . . . the way they look, which is clean and natural as the sunrise." Born in Maryland, she is the wife of an artist, lives in a country home in Westchester County, not far from New York.

From her native New York, where she was a girl reporter, editor, and radio writer, **Gaylen Goodrich** found herself one day transplanted to Oak Ridge, Tenn., and an entirely different life. Wife of a research chemist, and mother of two small children, she still manages to get time for writing. *High-School Hangout*, Oak Ridge style, is practically tailored to her busy typewriter.



You won't necessarily become a top-notch book and magazine illustrator just because your biology drawings are pretty special. But if you had **John Alan Maxwell's** talent, too, those

drawings could start you studying art—they did him—and some day doing something as fine as his illustration for *Serenade for a Senorita*. He's just returned from Havana to New York and his studio in Greenwich Village, haunted, he says, by the great artists who once lived there.

All that **Maria Sander Ariza** had to do when writing *Serenade for a Senorita* was choose which one of her charming real-life stories of her native Dominican Republic she wanted to tell, and decide in which one of her six or seven languages she should tell it. The fact that she's just become an American citizen may have decided the latter. And her recent visit to Puerta Plata to see her niece, Rhina Maria, make her débüt was also a factor.



TOP BASKETBALL TEAMS OF '48
By Oscar B. Smith, Coach
Play With Your Team
Play With a Friend
HARRY L. PHILIPS, President

Varsity
is for

HIM



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him a sweater . . . you'll be a
"PURL" if you give him VARSITY!



BETTER THAN cheering him
on . . . cheer him UP with VARSITY!



BETTER THAN baking him
a cherry pie . . . REMEMBER him with
VARSITY. (that's cooking with helium!)



BETTER THAN just "sending"
him . . . SEND him VARSITY!

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SERENADE FOR A SENORITA

(Continued from page 19)

dances to any young man, have you, Rhina Maria?" said her mother anxiously. "No young man must have two, remember; it would cause talk."

Rhina Maria opened her mouth to say of course she had not given two dances to any young man. Then she said nothing, suddenly not sure. Had Rafael not called her twice today? Had not someone called her twice? How terrible it would be if she had given two dances to one young man, when she had not yet been spoken for, and only one's prospective husband should have more than one. For a moment she was afraid; then she refused to be afraid. The day was too happy for fear.

"No, Little Mama," she said, "of course not!"

But the fear kept nagging at her, and she was not so sure. A dreadful mistake, if she had somehow made such a one.

She tossed her head, dismissing the fear.

For the tenth time she looked over all she would wear tomorrow night. She wished the white dress were not so formal, so completely covering; but it was a traditional white, like a communion dress. One did not change it, as one did not paint the white rose red. There were bright shoes from the United States, with high heels! They were her first high heels. There were lipstick, rouge, and eyebrow pencils which she dared not use today, but which she must use tomorrow to prove her womanhood.

Now her dance program was full. At least there were names enough. She checked them carefully. It would also be terrible if she had made a mistake and there were dances left. If a program were unfilled when a debutante reached the place of the party, it proved her unpopular. There would be no way out if this were to happen to Rhina Maria. No brother substitutes would do. She checked and rechecked. No, she had all her dances taken. Everything would go well.

She didn't expect to sleep that night but she fell asleep instantly and did not even dream. When she wakened with the sun on her face, she knew that she was seventeen and a *senorita*—though not until her debut would it be official, an established fact.

The dance was at the country club because there was no other place big enough to hold all the friends of the Mendezes. The Mendez family itself, when all of it was together, would have filled a hall almost as big as the dance floor of the club. Every member of the family had his quota of friends and these in turn had their friends, and Don Ricardo Mendez had invited everybody who was anybody.

Rhina Maria entered on the arm of—she could never remember thereafter whether it was the arm of her father or her brother. She wore rouge for the first time, lipstick for the first time, eyebrow pencil for the first time, high heels for the first time, with enough color here and there in her garments to make her even more beautiful than she knew herself to be. And her hair was up! She could pile it as high as she liked now, comb it into fanciful shapes, wear big combs in it with *mantillas* over the combs.

Pandemonium broke out when she appeared. There was music, but she didn't

hear it. There were streamers and colors, huge combs under gorgeous *mantillas*, evening gowns copied from every fashion magazine in the United States. Rhina Maria was engulfed in the color and sound, and spoke to many persons at one and the same time. That, later, was her only excuse for the error.

Now came her first big victory. The young men of the town swarmed around her, asking for the dance program which had been given her at the door. There were Rafael Duarte, Julio Mengel, Ricardo Ruiz, Alfredo Espaillat, Rudolfo Henriquez, Ramon Silvero, and a dozen others, all dressed formally as if they had just stepped out of bandboxes. Everybody knew, of course, that the young men, too, had been planning all these weeks for the debut of Rhina Maria. The prestige of her father. . . .

"But maybe it isn't just that," sang her heart, as one young man after the other took her program and signed his name after the dance she had promised him. "Maybe they like me a little, too. No, Rafael, you may not have a second dance, as you very well know. Besides, there is no second dance for anyone to have. They have all been taken for hours, ever since yesterday."

But Rafael had a second dance with Rhina Maria. He was an ambitious young man,



Rafael. He also loved a good joke, and sometimes his jests were thoughtless of consequences, as Rhina Maria and every one at the party were to know when the party ended. Rafael had set his name opposite the last dance as well as the second *danson*.

The last dance had been spoken for, promised to Ricardo Ruiz by Rhina Maria herself. Only, Rafael signed the program first and when Ricardo came, and saw, he merely looked strangely at Rhina Maria, bowed and left. She did not notice because of all the young men, so charming to her, so deferential. If there were twinkles in the eyes of some who had been children with her, who had raced her uphill and down, into her house and out, into theirs and out; who had challenged her to swimming races in the ocean; if there were twinkles in their eyes when they remembered the child she had been no longer ago than yesterday; they were pleased twinkles.

Midway in the dance Rhina Maria had another fear: would the young men serenade her after the party? That would prove her social success beyond question. Popular debutantes always were serenaded.

But she refused to look too far ahead. The party was one long triumph. She had

never been happier, would never be as happy again, she was sure. Donna Maria, Rhina's gloriously radiant mother, was more pleased than anyone else. She did not think of serenades; she knew. She did not fear two dances given to one young man; she did not know.

Not until near the end of the celebration did Rhina Maria's fear return. Would there be a serenade? There had been no mistakes so far; everything had been perfect. The ceremony of becoming a woman was almost done and soon she would know. She would remember always the airs that had been played, the drumming of the *tamboras*, the scratching of the *queras*, the rapping *palitos*, the *maracas*, not only because she loved the instruments, but because each young man called her attention to whatever was being played and whispered soulfully:

"I shall remember it always as if it were our music!"

Of course there was no intention to be serious with such talk; it was just being "Dominican," but it did not keep the flattery from being nice to hear.

"I am no longer a child," she kept telling herself, as if unable to believe it. "I am a woman. Yesterday it would have been silly to serenade me. Tonight if I am not serenaded, it will be a social calamity."

It was all a great success, the food, the drinks, the dancing, the fine dress—especially the gorgeous colors of the ladies' dresses. Everything was perfect until Rhina Maria, well into the last dance, realized a terrible thing: she was dancing with Rafael Duarte for the second time! Standing on the sidelines was Ricardo Ruiz, who, she now remembered, had the last dance. Why had he not claimed it? Why, why?

"Rafael," she gasped, almost fainting, "how does this happen? How is it that you, such an old friend, have done this to me? See, the faces of my parents are like clouds of thunder—like the face of Ricardo Ruiz. My perfect success has been utterly ruined. And we dare not sit down, or stop dancing. We must put the best possible face on the matter; but from now on, my mistake will be the talk of the town. Why did you, Rafael? Why did you?"

"To dance twice with such a beautiful woman," said Rafael, grinning, "I would risk anything. And since you did not notice the mistake, perhaps it is because you did not wish to? Perhaps I may hope . . . ?"

"You may hope nothing, Rafael, except perhaps someday to be forgiven and receive back my friendship."

And worse could happen, she soon discovered. Ricardo Ruiz, noting the smiles of his friends, of everyone who understood that Rhina Maria seemed to have "stood him up" for Rafael Duarte, suddenly marched through the dancers toward them, his face red with his anger. Rhina Maria wished she could vanish into nothingness on the instant!

Dancers paused, halted, turned to look at Rhina Maria and Rafael Duarte, for all understood the drama that was being enacted. Rhina Maria must do one of two things; allow herself to be led away by Ricardo Ruiz, an unheard-of thing, or dance out the second dance with Rafael Duarte,

also an unheard-of thing. She could not move off the floor, publicly slighting them both—it was simply impossible in Santo Domingo!

There was another way out, but it would make her a child again, subject to her parents as never before: her father or mother could step in, take charge of her right on the floor, and march her away from both suitors! Then everybody concerned would feel foolish.

Just the same, she wished her father or mother would come to the rescue.

But when she looked at them imploringly, something that had never happened before in all her life happened to her now: her father failed her! She had made the error or allowed it to be made; she was a woman now and must extricate herself from the dilemma, her father's slight headshake said.

When Ricardo Ruiz would have planted himself before them, forcing them to halt, she spoke to him imperiously, as she had done many times when all three had been children together.

"It was my mistake, Ricardo," she said. "Walk along with us while I think of how to correct it without injury to anyone. Rafael, you and Ricardo are now my ballet partners! Just as it is in the movies! Rafael, we shall turn your bad joke into a surprise for everybody, something unexpected. Ricardo, you *must* play up and not be angry. I shall dance with you both at once. Rafael, you will whirl me to Ricardo, Ricardo will whirl me back. Leave the rest to me. I shall dance as I have never danced, you both shall outdo yourselves. We must make everyone, especially my parents, forget that a grave mistake has been made."

The two young men began to grin. Excitement in their faces took the place of anger and chagrin; Rafael spun Rhina Maria to Ricardo. There were gasps of surprise from everywhere and then a clapping of hands. Rhina Maria had never danced more perfectly. She invented steps she had never thought of doing, all graceful, all dignified—because she had to—and the applause of the merrymakers spurred all three "ballet" dancers.

So at the very end, amid applause that told all three dancers that a new novelty dance, "Rhina Maria's Meringue," had been originated for debuts, Rhina Maria broke free, her parents were ready, and the family made its escape. Rhina Maria fought to keep down the tears as her parents scolded her; rather, her mother scolded her, while her father did not seem to know whether to scold or merely chuckle. He was not a little proud that his Rhina Maria had a quick-thinking head on her shoulders.

"There will be much talk, just the same," he said. "I hope with all my heart it will be good, not just wild gossip that will do harm. One can never be sure."

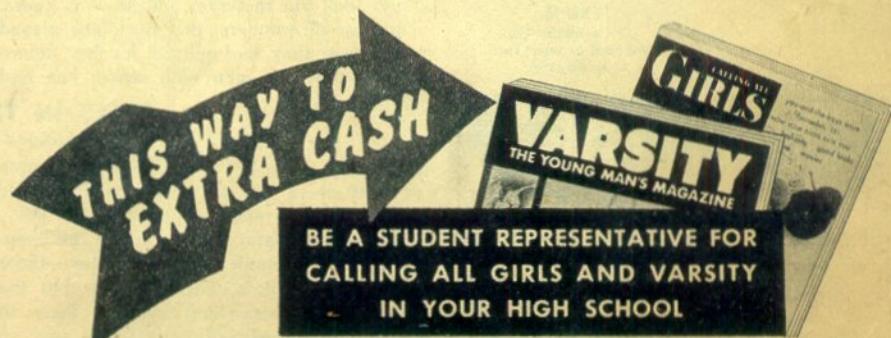
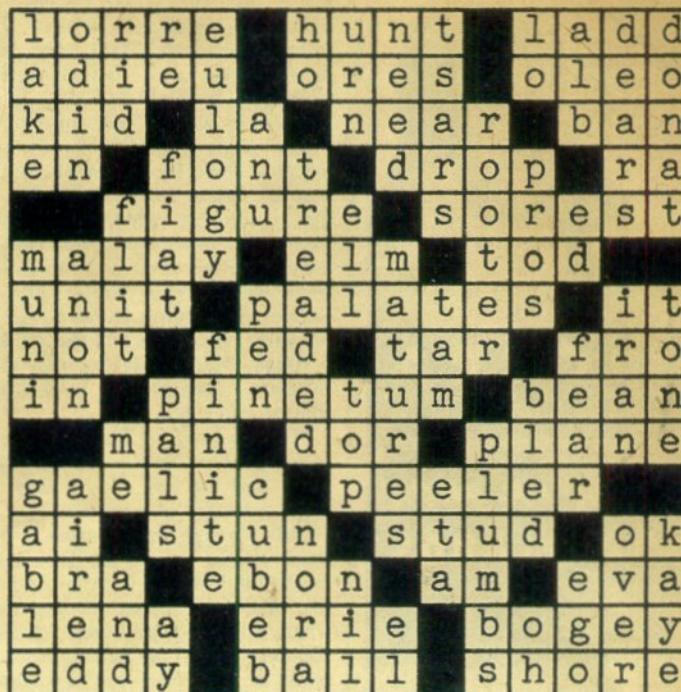
"We will soon know if, as Americans say, you 'got away with it,'" added Don Ricardo. "If there is no serenade. . . ."

There it was, one of Rhina Maria's fears again. Would she be able to think her way out of no-serenade, as she had thought her way out of no-second-dance-to-the-same-person?

They were home. It was late at night. It was early in the morning. They sat and talked and waited, and no one came. A half hour passed and there came no sound of music in the moonlight. An hour passed.

PUZZLERS' POST CINEMA-CROSSWORD

Solution to Cinema-Crossword on page 48



High school girls who want to earn EXTRA SPENDING MONEY can become official STUDENT REPRESENTATIVES for that all-girl favorite CALLING ALL GIRLS and, at the same time, for the new, popular young man's magazine, VARSITY. There's lots of MONEY to earn . . . and fun to boot . . . telling all your friends about these keen magazines for teen-age boys and girls.

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"We may as well retire," said Don Ricardo. There was anger in his face, and Rhina Maria knew he felt that he, in the person of his daughter, had been inexcusably slighted.

Rhina Maria, in her nightgown of frills, foamy lace and bright ribbons—a woman's nightgown—remained awake. There had been no serenade. The party had been a huge success until Rafael's stolen dance, and now—the world had come to an end.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright.

Out of the night which was so close to morning came the sound of music! It had scarcely begun when Rhina Maria realized that below her window was every single player and instrument which had made her debut an event never to be forgotten! There were the clacking *palitos*, the scratching *querás*, the rattling *maracas*, the grumbling *tamboras*, the violin and the guitar.

Rhina Maria rose, peered through the jalouses. Instantly her mother was at her side, warning her.

"Do not show a light, do not open the window. That would be the act of childhood, and you are now a lady. You may listen, you may give no sign."

Still, through the jalouses, she could see them all on the lawn. The first piece of music they played was the very first piece that had been played at her party. With whom had she danced that? She scarcely remembered, until she heard him singing in the midst of the music—José Espaillat. He was singing "our song" and his voice was good.

It came to an end and began again, another lilting piece, and it was the second piece of her debut. Her second partner, who could not sing very well, stood bare-headed in the moonlight, just in case she should look out in secret and see him there.

Wonder of wonders, the musicians played every piece they had played for her debut, and every young man with whom she had

danced was there to serenade her! Her fear returned when it came time for the last one, for in it there was an explosive—if Rafael and Ricardo had become angry during the last hour or two. Small things caused great damage sometimes in Santo Domingo.

Then her heart lifted—for there were Rafael and Ricardo, side by side, singing the song to which the three of them had danced. Her mother exclaimed with delight.

At last Don Ricardo, in his dressing gown, trying not to look proud as a peacock, trying to behave grumpy and sleepy, opened the door to the serenaders. None of the ladies might be present, and Rhina Maria dared not even sneak downstairs to listen. But Donna Maria told her what would happen.

"He'll shake hands with each of them," she said, "for the tenth time tonight. The servants will bring in something to drink. There will be many courtesies, many bowings and scrapings, for your father is a man of renown, as, after tonight, you will be a woman of renown. But this is all man's business. Then some of the serenaders will begin saying goodnight. He'll be starting that now . . ."

Yes, Rhina Maria, looking out the window again, careful not to disturb the jalouses, saw the serenaders filing away into the morning. Her father, complaining as if he heartily disliked it all, and fooling not even himself, returned to his bed. Donna Maria departed softly, first kissing her daughter on the forehead, cheeks, and chin, the mother's kiss-blessing.

Now indeed, Rhina Maria was a woman. She was very happy as she dropped off to sleep. Whatever came after, during the inevitable seclusion before she should be married, and the just as strict seclusion afterward, her debut had been a success of such magnitude that it would never be forgotten in Puerto Plata, indeed in all Santo Domingo.

GIRLS IN THE OLYMPICS

(Continued from page 25)

stadium on July 29 will light the Olympic fire with it—a fire that will burn steadily until the great event is over on August 13.

No such dramatic episode marks the opening of the Olympic Winter Games—there may be a big snow storm, instead—but the president of Switzerland will be there to open the event officially, the bands will be playing, and the contestants of 19 nations in their Olympic uniforms will be marching on parade before cheering crowds. High over all will fly the Olympic flag with its five entwined circles—representing the five continents united in friendship and understanding.

Twelve girls from the United States will compete in the Olympic Winter Games at St. Moritz, in the figure skating and skiing events (there'll be bob-sledding and ice hockey events, too, but not for the girls). The figure skating team is made up of Eileen Seigh, 18, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Gretchen Merrill, 22, of Berkeley, Calif.; Yvonne Claire Sherman, 17, of New York, N. Y.; and Karol Kennedy, 15, of Seattle, Wash. Eileen Seigh and Gretchen Merrill both perform alone; Yvonne Claire Sherman is both a singles and a pairs skater, skating with her partner, Robert Swenning; and Karol Kennedy has as her partner her brother, Peter.

Youngest of the eight women skiers are Andrea Mead, 15, of Rutland, Vt., who won the women's national slalom championship

last winter, besides qualifying for the Olympics; Brynhild Grasmoen, 18, of Merced, Calif.; Ruth-Marie Stewart, of Hanover, N. H., who qualified for the Olympics at nineteen, but has had a birthday since; and Anne Jeanette Winn, of Gannett, Idaho, who will celebrate her twentieth birthday in Switzerland in February.

Trying Out for the Olympics

How were they chosen to represent the United States in the Olympics? Most of them have won a few championships on the way up. Brynhild Grasmoen, for instance, was urged by her friends to try out for the Olympic Ski Team. That meant a lot of training, for although Brynhild started skiing in 1939 in the Yosemite Valley and has won a number of cups and other honors for her racing, she didn't think she was ready for the Olympics just yet. Skiing at Sun Valley, Idaho, was a part of Brynhild's intensive training, as it was Andrea Mead's. Both girls worked their way up, competing with amateurs and pros, placing higher and higher in a succession of races, and last winter in the Olympic tryouts they won places on the Olympic Ski Team.

The story's very much the same for the other members of the team. Anne Jeanette Winn's home is only 26 miles from Sun Valley and near other skiing resorts in Utah, so she was able to ski to her heart's content and keep her eye on the champions until she

became one of them. Ruth-Marie Stewart was studying physical education in Boston when the urge to get in some really wonderful skiing sent her out West. In two weeks in Colorado she crowded in more skiing than she'd done in the past two years, and after a series of wins in the Nationals, she qualified for the Olympic tryouts.

And don't think the skaters haven't worked hard to get where they are—though with the war canceling out the 1940 and 1944 Olympics, they weren't too sure there would be any 1948 Olympics to skate in until last winter, when it was announced that the tryouts were coming up soon and that anyone who wanted to compete should notify the Committee. Karol Kennedy and her brother Peter—she always skates with Peter, has no ambition to be a singles skater—practice every morning from six to nine. Yvonne Claire Sherman has been getting up at five every morning to practice figures on fresh ice before going to school. These girls have won a number of championships, as have Eileen Seigh, outstanding figure skater who has been performing in Norway and Sweden with the Olympics as her goal, and Gretchen Merrill, U. S. Senior Ladies' Champion since 1943. The country's skating experts had them marked to win even before the tryouts were held.

Next Stop—St. Moritz!

After meeting in New York, ready for the trip, the girls will travel as teams, with their coaches and others of the Olympic Games Committee to look after their welfare. While this year they are permitted to go by air, most of them will travel by boat. They'll be in training on the way over, and they'll stick to training rules after they're housed in one of the St. Moritz hotels. Early to bed, and out at dawn to get in some vigorous practice on the Swiss trails and rinks before the big event opens.

Traveling expenses and uniforms are furnished Olympic contestants. This year the girls' wardrobes will feature gray and black. The gray coats they'll wear on parade have the new swing backs. The gray suits are neatly tailored. Black sweaters, gray ski suits with helmets are a part of the wardrobe, and for the dinners and banquets, there are ankle-length skirts of black, with white blouses.

But it's not the fine figure they'll cut in their smart outfits that will be on the girls' minds when they arrive in Switzerland a few days before the Winter Games open. They've been chosen to represent the United States in the Olympics. And every one of them has a double responsibility. How she performs and how she takes either defeat or triumph is going to count in maintaining the high standards of amateur sport here and abroad. She's also a kind of good will ambassador for her country, and what she does is important in building friendship between the United States and other nations.

In case the girls haven't thought of that themselves—and probably most of them have—they'll be reminded of it by their coaches before they make the trip.

Win or lose, Olympic contestants have a bright future. For some there will be invitations to other countries to compete, and though there will be a few, perhaps, who will stay abroad to accept those invitations, most of the team members will be coming back together to take their places on the roll of fame in athletics.

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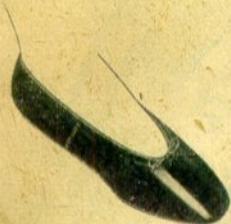
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RISE AND SHINE

(Continued from page 23)

she thought you'd light long enough to taste them.

How does this sound? A glass of chilly, tart pineapple juice, a gold 'n' white egg poached just right, then plopped onto crisp buttered toast, another slice of toast with jam and a tall tumbler of milk. Not bad, huh?

Or this. Half a grapefruit, a bowl of ready-cooked cereal with cream, a fruit-topped sweet roll and a steamy cup of cocoa.

In fact, some people solemnly swear that breakfast is their favorite meal. They're hungriest then, that twelve-thirteen hour eating lapse, you know. And the inner-girl is mighty pleased with having something to go on through the heavy morning program.

But you've simply got to have time to eat breakfast. A dandy beginning to a day, worth at least ten minutes of serious attention.

Here's a trick that may help you over the first bridge between a mad first hour and the smooth, breakfasty, all-aware kind of morning.

Arrange to have your breakfast ready halfway between the time you get up and the time you leave. It's a psychological prod with a double prong.

First, you'll find you like breakfast because you'll be enjoying it without a last minute time-squeeze. Second, you know that food-wonderful-food will be ready pronto, which gives you a shove during those first minutes when your subconscious mind is saying, "Aw, you've got plenty of time."

After a week of breakfast in the middle, you can shift it back to the last thing. By then you'll be puffed up about the new look of life in the morning.

You're up. You're dressed (though in all honesty you may not be quite awake yet). And you're wrapping yourself around some breakfast. After that you'll *really* be awake, because nothing in the world can make you wake up as fast and as pleasantly as the sniff of food, its taste, and its effect on your constitution.

So in about ten days at the most, you can bounce into that eight o'clock English class complete with theme, matching sox, and eyelids that stay up all by themselves.

And it's all done with the same fifteen minutes you were awake anyhow!

P.S. Whisper: Could it be that breakfast and a calm warm-up to the day might net you a notch or two higher grades, come the end of the term? Could be!

EAT A BETTER BREAKFAST

(Continued from page 22)

tomato and vegetable juices, pineapple and pineapple juice. They show up in fresh, canned and frozen fruits, berries, apples, bananas and other seasonal fresh fruits.

Cereals are readily available in almost endless variety, ready to indulge any family whim. Some like them hot. Some like them cold. Hot or cold, almost any cereal can be served with a variety of colorful fruits: bananas, stewed prunes, apricots, peaches or pears. Easy as can be.

Further cereal variety may be found in sweetening with a mixture of cinnamon and brown sugar, with maple sugar, cane and maple syrup or iron-rich molasses.

Breakfast breads. From local bakery and grocery come breakfast breads galore: English muffins and all of the loaf breads for toasting, corn and bran muffins, coffee cakes. From the grocery store come quick muffin mixes, quick biscuits, quick pancake and waffle mixes.

A Little Planning Goes a Long Way

Breakfast should have some planning to insure well-balanced menus and to prevent monotony as well as to tempt appetites. Here are things to think about:

Flavor. Serve some acid foods, some sweet foods, some bland foods.

Color. Use color effectively in foods as well as in table accessories. Sparkle is added to breakfast when any of the above-mentioned fruits are added to the cereal bowl.

Texture. Some foods should be crisp, some chewy, some soft, some liquid.

French Toast Easy to Make

Your family will "eat hearty" and get plenty of good proteins which are the body's "building blocks" if you fix French Toast once in a while. French Toast is usually made from white bread, which is now enriched with important vitamins and minerals.

Beat 2 eggs slightly, add 1 cup of milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Dip bread slices in this mixture and fry to a golden brown in hot fat. Serve with honey, maple or corn syrup, molasses, sorghum, preserves or tart jelly.

Here are some menus:

Tomato Juice or Vegetable Juice	Ready-to-Serve Cereal	Sliced Bananas
Toasted English Muffins	Butter or Margarine	Milk or Cocoa
Coffee for Adults		

Grapefruit Half or Juice	Milk
Mixed Cereal Bowl	Heated Coffee Cake
Butter or Margarine	Milk or Cocoa
Coffee for Adults	

Orange Juice	Milk
Any Hot Cereal	Honey
Soft Cooked Eggs	
Cinnamon Toast	Butter or Margarine
Milk or Cocoa	Coffee for Adults

Orange Sections or Slices	Molasses
Scrambled Eggs	Butter or Margarine
Fried Cornmeal Slices	Milk or Cocoa
Coffee for Adults	

Baked Fresh Pears	Milk or Cocoa
Jelly	Butter or Margarine
Crisp Bacon	Coffee for Adults

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June Ross—Model Teen

"Call Conover and get June Ross," is what practically every photographer in New York is saying these days when confronted with an assignment that calls for a perfect Teen type. And, yet, two years ago these photographers hadn't heard of June, who was then only 14 and a student at Gorton High School in Yonkers. She can attribute her meteoric rise to the top of the modeling ranks to a perfect Teen figure (five feet three inches tall, 100 pounds light); a wide smile that not only shows lovely teeth, but genuine high spirits and a sweet disposition; natural grace that takes the "posiness" out of her posing—and a flower-fresh radiance that is the reward for perfect grooming.

On our New Year's Eve cover June wears a sequin studded rayon taffeta formal by Cortiné, about \$20. Gold mesh gloves by Aris; pearls by Richelieu. Her lipstick is Neu Fuchsia by Helen Neushafer. Our New Year's Eve dress at Stewart's, Baltimore; Crowley, Milner & Co., Detroit; Powers, Minneapolis; Gimbel's, New York and Philadelphia; The Emporium, St. Paul; The Hecht Co., Washington; and many stores on this page. Kodachrome by William Ward.



*Stores which sponsor the official CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air

If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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HOLD THAT LINE

(Continued from page 17)

and on her it sounded good. At least it brought her fame and fortune. But since we're not all Gertrude Steins, when we go in for the stuck-needle effect of repetition, we sound slightly on the dim-witted side.

Helen ought to enlist the aid of her family to fine her every time she lets one of her bad habit words or phrases hop into a sentence. She'd soon be a lot more socially acceptable.

There are some words that can't politely be used even once, and we're not thinking of swearing. After all, ladies don't swear, enuf said, but some ladies do talk out of turn without recourse to profanity. Dorothy M. is one girl who is really hep to all the latest jive talk and slang is her forte. She prides herself on being the first in her gang to come up with trick new phrases and sharp lingo. The gang thinks it's fun and so does she, but sometimes she runs the gag into the realm of bad manners.

One day the chairman of the church social dropped in to confer with Dorothy's mother. Dorothy greeted the guest with the statement, "I'm sorry but the Duchess has beat feet down to a blowout at the local duderry." The woman shook her head in bewilderment, quite sure the daughter was crazy.

Dorothy has an exaggerated case of slangomania, but slang can be in poor taste if it's used to the point of confusion. It is just as rude as speaking a foreign language in front of a person not familiar with it, or whispering or passing notes. It's only fair (and polite) to include all listeners in the understanding of what you are saying.

Of course, some people never veer a shade away from the printed rules in the grammar book but they're still completely obscure in their speech. Take Anne F. Her speech is perfect except for the fact that it is unintelligible. Anne is a mumbler. Maybe it's stage fright or maybe it's laziness, but Anne rambles on and nobody knows quite what she's saying. Anyway, it's embarrassing to her friends and associates to be forced to continually parrot, "What did you say?"

Anne should quickly learn the lesson that if a person is worth speaking to, he is worth speaking to plainly. Woolgathering, or any sort of inattentiveness while supposedly engaged in a conversation, is strictly rude.

And then there is the girl who has a speaking habit we think would really shock her if she ever listened to herself. Mary T. got into her bad habit because of a couple of younger brothers. Mary's brothers heckle her, so she took to sarcasm and sneering in revenge. The case has progressed to the point where she finds herself slipping into sarcasm in front of other people, even though she knows that sarcasm is a poor substitute for humor. Mary should try a little laughter to break this habit. She'd get a lot farther.

Look at Alice R. Alice doesn't have too much to say—that is, she's not a chatterbox—but she looks interested when she's talking and when she's spoken to; she speaks clearly; she doesn't have a line; she's just responsive. And she doesn't have strange mannerisms while she talks nor does she run any particular word into the ground. Also, she's kind. She wouldn't want to hurt people by taking a gibe at them, even in fun.

All her speaking habits are good. Alice makes a perfect talking picture, one anyone would like to make a habit of listening to.

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